FRANCE'S STAKE IN NORTH AFRICA

THE NEW
STATESMAN
AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVIII. No. 1222 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1954 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Out of Suez and Into Cyprus

THOUGH the Tory rebels finally lost on Suez, they seem to be gaining a glorious victory in Cyprus. Expelled under threat of force from Palestine, Persia and Egypt —and now facing a new challenge in Iraq— British imperialism has decided to make a last ditch stand on this Greek island. Here at least there is to be no " scuttle "—and no concession to the unanimous and urgent demand of the Greek inhabitants for *Enosis* with their mother country. Last Wednesday in a characteristic farewell performance at the despatch box Mr. Lyttelton denounced as " irresponsible and dangerous " the protests of the Opposition, and firmly proclaimed : " Eastern Mediterranean security demands that we maintain sovereign power in Cyprus . . . I can imagine no more disastrous policy for Cyprus than to hand it over to a friendly but unstable power. It would have the effect of undermining the eastern bastion of Nato."

This pronunciamento has been swiftly followed up. On Monday—as soon as the Commons were safely in Recess—the Attorney-General in Nicosia announced that the sedition law would in future be strictly enforced against anybody who sought to propagate *Enosis* by either the written or the spoken word. Penalties of up to five years' imprisonment and loss of nationality may be imposed upon persons who disseminate either those speeches made in last Wednesday's Commons debate in support of *Enosis*, or newspaper comment favourable to them. Cyprus in fact, as is indicated in a letter we publish on another page from the delegate of the Ethnarchy now in London, has been transformed into a Police-State as a prelude to the moving there of British Middle East H.Q.

The insanity of these British actions in Cyprus is in the sharpest contrast with the Tunisian policy announced by Monsieur Mendès-France in the same week. True, the Home Rule which the French Prime Minister now offers to the Tunisians leaves control of Foreign Policy and Defence in French hands. Nevertheless it is an immense step forward, which has already been welcomed by the moderate Nationalists now released from prison. What is tragic is that at the moment when the French at long last recognise the need to win over the nationalists as allies, if the West is to keep its Mediterranean influence, the British Government has combined its last-minute withdrawal from Suez with a demonstration of ruthlessness in Cyprus which will instigate the disorders it is designed to repress.

Repercussions in Athens will be equally bad. The Greek Government has already made it clear that, if *Enosis* were conceded, no objection would be raised to the establishment of a Nato base in Cyprus. To reply, as Mr. Lyttelton has done that the Greek Government is " unstable " is not merely insulting to an ally, but makes nonsense of Nato, in which Greece, under this " unstable " Government, plays a vital role. A Tory Colonial Secretary may be able to get away with this kind of talk in the Commons, but what showing will the British representative at the U.N. make when he argues that, in the interests of military security, Britain is entitled to deny to the last Greek island under foreign rule any prospect of independence?

Moreover, there is one strictly military question which must be put to the Government. If, as Sir Winston has so dramatically stated, the H-Bomb has made the Canal Base obsolescent, what reason is there to believe that the vast military camps, which are now being constructed in Cyprus at the cost of £13m., will not be obsolescent before they are finished. What strategic sense does it make to move a full division from Suez to this island 400 miles nearer the Russian bomber bases? Finally, if we are told that the troops are needed in Cyprus as a token that Britain is still a military power in this part of the world, the answer is obvious. British troops in Cyprus—under political conditions which deny to the majority of the inhabitants their national rights—will inevitably be construed as a token, not of Nato's strength against the threat of totalitarianism, but of the British Government's weakness before its own internal rebels. To attempt to escape from this problem by seeking out some small nation in the Levant which may be weak enough not to retaliate effectively when kicked around, is deplorable.

The Cypriot Case

It is now seventy-six years since Disraeli, bringing home "peace with honour" from Berlin, announced that he had also acquired Cyprus from the Ottoman Empire. At the time, it was the first of the Greek islands to be freed from the Turks: today Cyprus alone remains under foreign rule. Apart from the Turkish minority —18 per cent. of the 500,000 islanders—the whole population has always favoured *Enosis*. This was officially recognised by the British Government as long ago as 1907, when the Colonial Under-Secretary, Mr. Winston Churchill, declared: "It is only natural that the Cypriot people, who are of Greek descent, should regard their incorporation with what might be called their mother as an ideal to be fervently, earnestly desired. Such a feeling is an example of the patriotic devotion which so nobly characterises the Greek nation." Today, any Cypriot who dares to quote this statement can be jailed for five years. This stubborn opposition to *Enosis* has been maintained by successive Governments since 1918 on the sole ground that the retention of Cyprus is vital to British strategy. It resulted in 1931 in civil disturbances, including the burning down of Government House. They were forcibly suppressed and ever since then the island has been ruled autocratically by the Governor and his British officials, without any democratic institutions. The law against sedition which is now being enforced began as an emergency regulation in 1931 and was made permanent in 1935, along with another law which permits the arrest of any person suspected of an intention to cause a disturbance. Suspects can then be tried in secret and if convicted banished to a remote country district.

When the war broke out, tension eased and the islanders were recruited in great numbers into the Cypriot Regiment to fight—as the posters stated—for "Greece and Liberty." In 1943, the Prime Minister cordially thanked the Regiment for its contribution to the war effort. But as soon as the war was over the Labour Government once again refused the demand for *Enosis*. In 1949, Mr. Creech Jones tried to persuade the islanders to abandon *Enosis* in exchange for a severely limited colonial constitution. This offer was rejected by the Ethnarchy, the elected Church council, which, in the absence of democratic institutions, is the sole representative of the islanders—apart from the Communist Party, which controls the only effective trade unions. In 1951, the Cypriot Regiment had to be disbanded owing to doubts of its reliability, and the Ethnarchy decided on an appeal to the United Nations. It was made clear, however, that bilateral conversations with Britain would be much preferred, both by the Cypriots and by the Greek Government, to the open breach with Britain that such an appeal implied. Last year, and again last week, such conversations were summarily rejected, and it is now almost certain that the claim for *Enosis* will be placed on the agenda of the Assembly for next month's session.

Dr. Adenauer and Dr. John

For more than a week the John case has dominated the politics of Bonn and monopolised the attention of the West German press. Last Monday, Dr. Adenauer was compelled to break off his holiday in order to attend an emergency meeting of the Executive Committee of the Christian Democratic Party. At the end, a communiqué was issued which provided the fourth official explanation of Dr. John's disappearance. The Minister of the Interior's categorical statement that "there was no evidence to show that he had crossed with treasonable intent" was now modified to read that "it could not be definitely asserted whether he had such intent"; and the astonishing rider was added by the Minister himself that the former Director of the West German M.I.5 "knew no secrets which would endanger the Federal Republic's security if passed on to the East Germans." The reasons for the embarrassment of Dr. Adenauer and his colleagues are clear. They probably share the widely held view that Dr. John was a British agent foisted on them by the Occupying Power; but they cannot say as much because he was personally appointed by the President and the Chancellor, at a time when it was still not considered a proof of disloyalty to have been an anti-Nazi in Britain during the war. Moreover, the Chancellor is aware that Dr. John knows all the details about the Nazi infiltration into the Civil Service and the main Coalition Parties, and would be bound to publish them in self-defence if he were accused of "treason." Dr. Adenauer's anxiety to soft-pedal the affair is understandable.

Freedom of Dissent

On June 30, a New Hampshire State court sentenced Paul M. Sweezy to imprisonment for contempt. Mr. Sweezy, who is co-editor with Leo Huberman of the *Monthly Review*, has never been a Communist, but he is both a Marxist and an economist of distinction, and in 1948 took an active part in the Progressive Party. He was asked to testify under a State law, passed in 1951, and directed against "subversion". Insisting that he "deeply disapproved of the purposes and methods of these investigations", Mr. Sweezy said he was prepared to state that he had no knowledge of "subversive" persons or activities in New Hampshire, and that he was prepared to answer certain personal questions. In short, he did not seek the protection of the Fifth Amendent against self-incrimination. But he insisted that he would not reply to questions "concerning ideas, beliefs and associations which could not possibly be pertinent to the matter here under inquiry", arguing that such questions invaded the freedoms guaranteed by the First Amendment. This did not suit the State Attorney-General, for he wanted to discuss an academic lecture on "Socialism" that Mr. Sweezy had delivered at the University of New Hampshire, and also to rake over the record of the Progressive Party. The State court found against Mr. Sweezy, who is now on bail pending appeal. We state these facts without comment, adding only that this case raises profound constitutional issues. By basing his defence on the First and not the Fifth Amendment, by stating openly but refusing to discuss his opinions, Mr. Sweezy is courageously upholding the freedom of dissent.

The T.U.C. and the Railway Plan

The T.U.C. General Council released this week its comments on the Government's railway reorganisation plan—comments originally made when the draft plan was submitted to it in May. The T.U.C. is against the proposed area boards, on the ground that the duties assigned to them could be better carried out by the officers of the Transport Commission, and that the interposition of the boards between the Commission and the regional managers is likely to make for confusion and inefficiency. If there are to be boards, which seems unnecessary, the T.U.C. wants them to be chosen on the lines laid down in the 1947 Act, so as to include workers' representatives. It rejects as men "playing at trains" the notion of stimulating emulation by diversity of regional uniform and different coloured rolling stock. It regards as "highly questionable" whether there can be any advantage in encouraging loyalty to individual regions rather than to British Railways as a whole. Indeed, the only favourable comments the General Council has to make are on those parts of the plan which leave the existing arrangements unchanged. It is glad that no large changes are proposed in the boundaries of the regions; but it considers that the addition of area boards to the existing structure, far from making economies in administration, is calculated to add to overhead costs by needing additional staffs of officials and by blurring the responsibility at all the levels.

Deadlock in North Rhodesia

The most significant contact in Africa between Black and White workers is probably in Northern Rhodesia, where there is a White copper miners' union and a strongly organised African union. It is the White union which preserves the colour bar by means of agreements with the copper companies. As long ago as 1948 the Dalgleish Report proved that Africans were capable of undertaking a variety of jobs from which they were debarred. But the Dalgleish Report has been pigeon-holed. For the last fifteen months negotiations for a modification of the bar have been in progress at the instigation of the companies. They realise that if industrial expansion is to take place, incentives must be offered to the African workers, and the obsolete caste form of labour force gradually modified. Now these negotiations have broken down and the Government is to appoint a commission of inquiry. The White union is entrenched in the principle of "the rate for the job" and piously refuses to accept any colour distinction in wage rates. As the average wages of the White and Black miner are about £100 and 100s. a month respectively, it is obvious that this is simply a tactic to maintain White monopoly. Two suggestions have been offered. The first is to split the wage rate into a wage and an immigrant's allowance; the second to divide the jobs so that Africans can learn gradually and receive only a sum commensurate with their task. The White union, bent on a last-ditch defence of labour aristocracy, has rejected both alternatives.

The Independent Television Authority

The membership of the Independent Television Authority announced this week shows how sensitive the Government has been to criticism, much of it from its own more civilised supporters, that the introduction of commercialised TV will lead to a general decline in the standards of public taste. Nobody can reasonably take exception to Sir Kenneth Clark as Chairman, or to the very varied and impressive team which has agreed to work under him. Nevertheless, it is worth remembering that the most substantial criticism of the new scheme made during the passage of the TV Bill through Parliament was that the effective power over programmes would lie not with the I.T.A., but with the programme contractors and hence, at one remove, with the advertiser. If that criticism proves to be valid, the I.T.A., for all the talents and good will of its members, may turn out to be no more than a particularly attractive piece of window dressing.

NEW DELHI

The Press Commission

Our Delhi Correspondent writes: Although 13 of the 28 Indian States (or Provinces) had recommended that the Constitution be amended "in order to curb scurrilous propaganda and the yellow Press," it was thought advisable to await the report of the Press Commission. The Commission has now held that amendment is unnecessary. The Commission recognises that some papers are "yellow"; and as a remedy recommends the establishment of a Press Council to regulate the conduct of the Press. Objectionable writing which is not legally punishable, would be dealt with by the public censure of those guilty of breaches of journalistic ethics. The majority of the Commission proposed that the Press Council should be on trial for two years. The view was expressed that, as the Council grows in strength and prestige, the necessity to resort to legal measures will gradually disappear.

The Commission considered that the Press Council, whose first duty should be to safeguard the freedom of the Press, should have 25 members, 13 of them working journalists and the rest drawn from newspaper proprietors, universities and literary bodies, with in addition a chairman who is or has been a High Court Judge and should be nominated by the Chief Justice. Holding that a newspaper is essentially a public utility and that the exercise of ownership rights may have to be subject to restraints, to avoid "the very real danger of misuse of the Press for personal or purely commercial purposes," the Commission suggested the diffusion of ownership by gradual distribution of shares among employees or transfer of management to a public trust, profits to be limited to ½ per cent. above the bank rate or 4 per cent., whichever is the higher. To the editor should be delegated individual authority enabling him to carry out a general policy laid down in his contract and to resist any attempt to divert the policy in anti-social directions. The Commission favoured unionism for journalists, but frowned on the closed-shop

France's Stake in North Africa

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Paris newspapers are fond of describing any new political development as a *coup de théâtre*. But when M. Mendès-France flew out to Tunis last Saturday, bringing with him not merely the outline of a new constitution but also an acquiescent (if reluctant) Marshal Juin, the phrase was abundantly justified. Even some of the Premier's closest friends and advisers were surprised by this audacity. Yet the move was fundamentally a logical one. The plan laid before the Cabinet on Friday was the result of three weeks of intensive talks between M. Christian Fouchet and representatives of the Néo-Destour, the Tunisian trade unions and a score of other political and social groups. It was essential that the French proposals should receive their approval before they were made official. It was also essential that the Tunisian settlers and their lobby should be kept in ignorance until the last possible moment, to prevent them from organising the opposition. It was not essential, but highly desirable, that a prominent pro-settler personality should associate himself with the proposals and so strengthen the growing body of moderate settler opinion. Finally, it was essential to act quickly, both because of the rising momentum of terrorist activity and of the need to realise as soon as possible the immense political capital M. Mendès-France acquired at Geneva. All these factors made M. Mendès-France's action not merely the best solution to the Tunisian problem, but the only one.

Not that the problem is solved—yet. True, the incidence of terrorism has dropped sharply since Saturday. But there is no sign that the supplies of arms from Tripoli, or of radio propaganda from Cairo, will be discontinued. The reactions of many political exiles in Egypt have been favourable, but *Al Daawa*, organ of the Moslem Brotherhood, has already attacked Bourguiba violently for accepting the proposals. The attitude of Colonel Nasser, as revealed in an interview with *Le Monde* on Monday, was decidedly reserved. Moreover, the elaboration of the constitution itself will raise grave problems. Five separate conventions, designed to safeguard French interests, will have to be negotiated with the unwilling assistance of the settlers. The Bey, highly suspicious of republican tendencies in the Néo-Destour, is having second thoughts about the Mendès-France proposals and has already vetoed M. Bourguiba's participation in the new Government. There are also signs of divergent views among the Nationalists themselves. Many of the Néo-Destour leaders, including Bourguiba, are regarded by the trade union leaders as "bourgeois" and out of touch with working-class opinion, and some observers think that the coming months will see the beginning of a split between the political and the trade union wings of the Nationalist movement.

From the point of view of North Africa as a whole, Mendès-France's move has certainly created a climate of *détente*. But it cannot, in itself—as this week's disorders have already shown—make any direct contribution to a settlement in Morocco, where conditions are not analogous. In Tunisia, the first step was obvious: negotiate with the Néo-Destour. The leaders of the Istiqlal, however, lack political experience. Unlike the Néo-Destour leaders, they have not had the advantage, in the past, of personal contacts with M. Mendès-France and his friends, and they are regarded—perhaps justly—as unreliable. The extent of their popular following outside the big cities is highly conjectural, and there is even the feeling among some of Mendès-France's advisers that Abd el Krim would be a more suitable personality with whom to negotiate. Moreover, in Morocco, the European opposition is more highly organised, both on a local and a parliamentary level; it has formed strong alliances with the big chieftains who, at least in the South, command some measure of popular support. The search for an answer to the Moroccan problem has not as yet reached Cabinet level but it is already clear that not even M. Mendès-France can expect to achieve a solution merely by a sudden, dramatic *coupe de théâtre* on the Tunisian pattern.

Nevertheless, with all these qualifications, last Saturday opened an entirely new chapter in the history of North Africa. It fulfilled the political precondition to a solution of the real problem, which is, and always has been, an economic one. The Néo-Destour, for instance, though rejecting the principle of co-sovereignty, have always recognised that the futures of France and North Africa are inextricably interlinked, and that the continuation of the *présence française* is not merely desirable but essential. Indeed, the facts speak for themselves. The population of North Africa, crowded into the "Carthaginian Fringe," requires ever-increasing imports of food to feed itself. In Tunisia, population increased by 60 per cent. in the last 25 years; in the same period, production of cereals, the staple food, rose by only 20 per cent., representing a decrease of 18 per cent. per head of population Over the whole area, population is growing at the explosive rate of 2 per cent. a year. The slender resources of North African industry cannot, by themselves, hope to meet the yawning deficit in the balance of payments.

The only possible solution is expansion into the interior. But the economic conquest of the Sahara cannot be achieved by France alone; it would require the full support of the North Africans, working together in close political harmony. Fortunately, the elements of a political solution are beginning to emerge at precisely the time when new and revolutionary techniques are becoming available. The heavy-duty truck with low-pressure tyres, air-conditioning and aerial prospecting are encouraging the exploitation of the Sahara's mineral resources. Colomb-Bechar is already the centre of an important industrial experiment, and this year £50 million will be spent on prospecting and drilling for oil in South-East Morocco. Genuine progress has been made in the last three years in developing underground water resources—the real key to the Sahara.

In Paris, the direction of Sahara projects is in the hands of a hard-headed visionary, M. Louis Armand, who has been a most successful chairman of the French Railways and is now president of the Bureau for African Industrialisation (B.E.I.N.). The B.E.I.N., which has an annual credit of £10 million, was set up in 1952 to make a full-scale economic survey of the Sahara, to investigate technical advances (such as solar batteries) and to elaborate a long-term economic plan. M. Mendès-France is himself a supporter of M. Armand, and the present Government is already studying plans for the extension of the activities of the B.E.I.N. and of the French Union Industrial Organisation Study Group, which is an affiliated organisation. Several of M. Mendès-France's closest economic advisers hold strongly the view that France's capital exports to North Africa must be substantially increased, and that the Sahara has a major—if long-term—role to play in any future plan of French economic expansion.

Heads in a Bucket of Sand

On Friday last, the day the Commons rose for its summer recess, the House devoted a bare two hours to the problem of disarmament and a discussion of the work of the Disarmament Commission of the U.N. In the course of a discussion which, overshadowed by the drama of the previous day's debate on Suez, was sparsely attended and inadequately reported, Mr. Arthur Henderson suggested to the Government that "a multilateral declaration [could] be made by all the Powers agreeing not to use the hydrogen bomb except in retaliation"—a modest proposal which most people would surely endorse. The Government's answer, given later in the debate by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, was breathtaking. Here it is in full:

> [Mr. Henderson] suggests that we should agree to prohibit the use of the hydrogen bomb except in retaliation. The trouble is that we should not be there to retaliate. *I think that the most we can do along that line is to agree not to use it except in defence against aggression.* Aggression is the thing which we seek to stop. I think that until we have a comprehensive scheme, internationally supervised, for eliminating the use of atomic weapons, prohibition except in retaliation would simply add to insecurity, and not diminish it.

These words do not astonish us merely because they are couched in the sort of language which one has learnt over the years to recognise as the vehicle of official prevarication, but because they appear to indicate total ignorance in the Foreign Office of the primary factors on which British security now depends.

No one will make light of Mr. Lloyd's desire to deter aggression: we share it. And, to be sure, the knowledge that any attempt at a sudden or stealthy aggression (would Guatemala be an unfair example?) will be met by a terrifying concentration of force, is a sane and healthy thing, which must certainly have its deterrent effect and need not unduly divide us. But even more urgently a matter of concern to U.K. citizens is the possibility that the British Isles—or at any rate most of us who live on them together with our chattels and our material civilisation—may suddenly be vaporised. There are today few technical difficulties about this, and there are strategic considerations which might make it, in certain circumstances, an almost irresistibly tempting act of war for those whom we choose to make our enemies.

Britain, at present, is the most advanced, the most threatening, launching point for nuclear weapons inside the Western alliance. In other words, H-bombs dropped on Moscow, or on any of the East European satellites, would most likely, under present arrangements, be conveyed to their destination from the U.S. bases in this country. That the British Isles, as an aircraft carrier, would prove unsinkable is probably true, even in the face of the H-bomb; but it is equally a fact that, unlike other aircraft carriers, they are stationary and cannot take evasive action. The presence of the bases in Britain means, for certain, that if nuclear weapons are used in future war, sooner or later they will be used on Britain.

In these circumstances, for a British Government to ignore even half a chance to make their use less likely seems almost incredible. In arguing that we might find it desirable to be the first to use the H-bomb, Mr. Lloyd is, in effect, suggesting either that the Soviet bloc does not possess weapons of the number or quality to permit effective retaliation, or that our initial blow would be a knock-out, which would leave the Soviet Union prostrate before the advancing Western land armies. Both these suppositions are palpably absurd. In fact, no initial blow delivered by the West could be effective to the point of robbing the Soviet bloc of its power to retaliate; while it is dangerous to assume that the numbers and the quality of Soviet H-bombs are significantly lower than those on the Western side of the Iron Curtain.

In an important series of articles on Britain and the H-bomb, the first of which we are publishing next week, Professor P. M. S. Blackett, F.R.S., surveys the information which has been made available about nuclear progress in both America and the Soviet Union, and adumbrates the strategic conclusions which he draws from his scientific assessment. His conclusions are, of course, personal; but the assumption upon which he bases his arguments is one which, emanating from such a source, cannot be ignored in any consideration of British strategy and foreign policy. It is that "in numbers of hydrogen bombs, in long-range bombers, in fighters, guided missiles and radar, realistic military planning [in the West] should not assume any marked superiority over the U.S.S.R. Any superiority that may now exist cannot be presumed to last."

If this assumption is correct, as we believe it to be, it is clear that a good many conclusions of varying weight and validity can be based upon it. Two seem to us inescapable: first, that a complete re-appraisal of British strategy and British approach to the problem of disarmament is now essential; secondly, that the prime object of British foreign policy must be to make these islands as unrewarding a target for counter-bombing as is possible; and that must include an embargo on, at least, the initial use of nuclear weapons from British bases. It is now clear that the Government itself was late to appreciate the full consequences of the H-bomb. In an intervention in the Suez debate last week, Sir Winston Churchill referred with moving candour to the "tremendous changes that have taken place in the whole strategic position in the world, which make the thoughts which were well-founded and well-knit together a year ago utterly obsolete, and which have changed the opinions of every competent soldier that I have been able to meet." But if that is true, as it is, of Suez, it is true equally of Cyprus and of Western Europe and of the British Isles.

It was perhaps not the Government's fault that, owing to the MacMahon Act, it was slow to appreciate the new situation. It was certainly bad luck that Sir Winston should have heard the detailed results of the Eniwitok H-bomb test on almost the same day that the Defence White Paper re-emphasised British dependence on a nuclear deterrent. The danger is that the prescience of Sir Winston Churchill, who has clearly understood that, if we are not careful, British dependence on a nuclear deterrent can become the instrument of national suicide, may not be matched by other Ministers and in other Departments. It is all too likely that, in using words which so totally ignore the reality of the present situation, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, wittingly or unwittingly, was speaking for those professional ostriches in both the Foreign Office and the Ministry of Defence who believe that a sufficient defence against the H-bomb is to stick one's head in a bucket of sand.

Why Senator Flanders Failed

(By Our American Correspondent)

Why has Senator Flanders' motion of censure on Senator McCarthy been buried in a Senate Committee? The main reason is that the campaign for the mid-term elections is already under way, and the Republicans cannot afford to dispense with McCarthy's services or permit him to suffer any more avoidable discredit. Yet the Flanders motion has served to show once again that the struggle that has developed this year between the Administration and McCarthy has been a struggle for power.

At the beginning of his campaign, even McCarthy never imagined that within a few short years he would attain such dizzy heights of power. All he wanted at that time was to maintain his position as a Senator. Back in his home State his political fortunes were tottering. He had not made much of a splash since he had first been elected to the Senate in 1946. His maladroit handling of local issues had alienated important factions within the Wisconsin Republican Party. The Democrats seemed to be picking up strength and, because their party was in power in Washington, they controlled important patronage. Worst of all, the odour surrounding some of the Senator's dubious financial deals was beginning to seep into the clear Wisconsin air. He was not even certain he could win his party's renomination as a Senatorial candidate in 1952. He had to think of an issue which would give him favourable publicity; and he plumped for his anti-Red "crusade."

Because of his flair for publicity, he has managed to get himself identified in the public mind—and in his own—as the sum total of the anti-Communist drive. It is forgotten that the post-war witch-hunt in America started long before McCarthy took it over. MacCarran, Nixon and Parnell Thomas had all had their day. On the Executive side, Truman had already initiated a stringent loyalty and security programme and his officials were abjectly truckling to Congressional extremists. The Republicans at that time gave McCarthy their support, the reactionary wing with whole-hearted delight, the more liberal wing with a facile quelling of their own consciences. They all believed that they could use him, like a stick, to beat the Democrats over the head. It has never been convincingly demonstrated that McCarthy has actually swung a particular election one way or the other. But the myth that he can—or could—has been firmly implanted in Republicans' minds.

But McCarthy proved to have different ideas. His career had become bound up with the process of headlines-by-accusations, and he could not desist. For the first few months after the advent of the Republican Administration he could live on the overspill from the previous Democratic regime. But as, with the passage of time, these pickings got thinner, he was forced to turn on the Republicans. Hitting the Democrats was all right with them, persecuting Left-wing nonconformist intellectuals delighted them. But they were amazed when he blasted charges at their own kind. They still did not realise that McCarthy was not motivated by a legitimate, if excessive, zeal for eradicating Communism in the United States. They still did not realise that he was not motivated by a partisan, political desire to chastise the opposition party. They still did not realise that he was motivated by one factor alone—the drive for personal power. Because they did not realise this, they still made no effort to curb him. They themselves were so hysterical over the "Communist menace," so frightened over the "security" of the United States, that they cared little about the continued assassination of civil liberties. So they went on making futile attempts to placate McCarthy. Mr. John Foster Dulles well-nigh wrecked the State Department and its Foreign Service in the attempt. He appointed Scott McCleod, a warm McCarthy supporter, to control security and personnel. Experienced and formerly trusted Foreign Service officers were forced out or resigned. Those who were left became too scared to function properly. Harold Stassen made some attempt to defend the constitutional rights of the Executive when McCarthy improperly "negotiated" with Greek owners of ships said to be plying the Chinese waters. But the White House intervened and forced Stassen ignominiously to back down.

No wonder McCarthy acquired a heady sense of his own power. Apart from his obviously heightened power drive, there is evidence that his schizoid tendencies are acute. He constantly refers to himself in the third person. He seems sincerely to be incapable of distinguishing fact from fiction: anything that supports his case *must* be true and any inconvenient fact *must* be a lie. Much of the time he is very quiet, abstracted as if in another world. But sometimes he flies into a rage. This does not happen when a witness baulks, nor does it happen when someone attacks him in the same free-swinging fashion that he himself uses. He loses control when he feels for some reason that a protagonist is being arrogant and is in some way impinging on his own self-respect. This is what seems to have happened last spring while he was investigating the honourable discharge from the Army of the dentist, Major Peress, said to be a Left-wing sympathiser. Apparently the bearing and attitude of General Zwicker, a witness, infuriated McCarthy and he lost control of himself.

The Administration at last realised the threat McCarthy represented to its own authority, and decided that the issue of the U.S. Army was popular enough with the American public to stage a showdown. Actually, the issue the Administration chose was a bad one. Whereas McCarthy and his group had used their usual improper bludgeoning methods, the Army's hands were also by no means clean. In line with White House policy, the Department of the Army had for over a year been trying to placate McCarthy and his friends. There was bound to be evidence turned up to show that the Army was alternately trying to soft-soap McCarthy or trying to get tough with him. Both types of "deal" are constantly being consummated *sub-rosa* in the political back corridors of Washington. But the fight was on and Robert Stevens, the Army Secretary, and his assistants, were exposed to a public limelight such as only America can focus. Throughout it all the White House displayed an attitude of Olympian detachment, as if it were not its own policy that had got Mr. Stevens into such trouble.

Now that the affair is over, it seems clear that it was the turning point in McCarthy's career. The Army Department is in for its drubbing, but McCarthy himself lost important ground. He was forced on the defensive, and his climb upward requires that he be constantly on the offensive. At last the myth of his invulnerability was shattered. Public figures now dare publicly to take a stand against him. Editorials hostile to him are now being published. Not only courageous liberals such as Edward R. Murrow are striking at McCarthy, but even Right-wing papers, such as the Scripps-Howard chain, which recently published a five-article, front-page condemnation of him by a well-known anti-Communist, Frederick Woltman, are getting into the act. In Congress, the support for Senator Flander's motion of censure on McCarthy, though inconclusive, shows that even there the tide is slowly turning against him.

This does not mean that McCarthy is finished yet. He will retain his seat at least until 1958. The Republican National Committee is said to be contemplating using him this autumn in the election campaign. Two thousand people paid to attend—and six thousand were said to have been turned away—a testimonial dinner last week in honour of Roy Cohn and McCarthy, sponsored by the Joint Council Against Communism, a group comprising, among others, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Catholic War Veterans and the American Jewish League Against Communism. Roy Cohn was awarded several plaques and scrolls. But McCarthy has nevertheless been forced to let Cohn go. And he will suffer other setbacks too. Although he will still be able to make a grievous nuisance of himself, he has been cut down to human size in the public eye.

But, if McCarthy, the man, is on the downgrade, "McCarthyism," the mode of thought, was never more rampant. The other wild men in Congress are still on the loose. The Administration's policy, thought up by Attorney-General Herbert Brownell, of stealing McCarthy's thunder by a slashing application of "security" regulations and the introduction of crippling "anti-subversive" legislation, continues on its course. The Bill to take away the citizenship even of native-born Americans—of all persons found to be members of Communist or Communist-front organisations, is well on the way to becoming law. Congress has not yet had time to act on a number of other Brownell Bills, like the one to give the Attorney-General power to disband a Communist-*infiltrated* organisation, be it a trade union or (to preserve the proprieties of balance) a business corporation. The Attorney-General, with the aid of a committee he himself would appoint, would decide which organisations were in fact infiltrated: there are no criteria in the Bill to aid in defining "infiltration," so that it might be possible for a union to be so dubbed merely because a few members, not necessarily even in positions of leadership, were found to be Communists. The State power has now quietly moved into the drive against non-conformism. In a way, the loss of McCarthy as a symbol of the witch-hunt would be a loss indeed; for at least he has become a symbol against which liberty-loving people could be mobilised.

London Diary

Oliver Lyttelton's departure from the Commons was characteristic. He had no real need to intervene in the Cyprus debate the day before the House rose—it was already in the care of a junior Minister, and in any case Lyttelton's resignation was by then generally known. But he conceived it his duty to move in to the defence of his final act of policy making, which was under heavy and accurate fire from the Labour back-benches. The last glimpse of him that the Commons had was of a bull-like figure, with the light of battle in his eye, standing at the despatch box, ponderously, tactlessly and bravely enunciating an indefensible policy, disdainful of the fierce interruptions from the other side. Courage and tactlessness are certainly two of Lyttelton's public characteristics and they have led to considerable variations of Parliamentary opinion about him. Most of the Labour Party regard this undeniably able man as a thoroughly bad Colonial Secretary. Yet even this is to his credit, for two years ago Labour opinion would have been unanimous. A balanced judgment of Lyttelton will credit him with courage, decision and a rather surprising broad-mindedness, which led him to accept most of the basic assumptions about Colonial progress which had guided his predecessors. This made him a far better negotiator than is often supposed; and he had a businessman's preference for settling things, if possible, by bargaining rather than principle. Against him was his evident lack of any deep interest in the Colonial Office; and in fact he contributed to it little that was new. For the most part he followed to their logical conclusions the policies of Mr. Griffiths. When those policies were good, as in West Africa, Lyttelton, with his superior talents, seemed to do even better: when they were bad, as in Kenya, Lyttelton's very qualities of courage and decision were apt to make him seem a harder-faced tyrant than his amiable predecessor. His successor, a professional party politician, with no very distinguished Ministerial record behind him, may well handle the Commons more adroitly. I should be surprised if Colonial delegates find him either so intelligent or so forthright in negotiation.

* * *

Since journalists are often accused of being content with official handouts, it is worth calling attention to the remarkable job done by Stanley Bishop and George Glenton of the *News Chronicle* in ferreting out so much of the truth about the mystery Pole who caused the Whitehall flap last week-end. According to them it is clear that Klimowicz is a stowaway—and normally stowaways are returned to their countries of origin. But Klimowicz was lucky since on board his ship, awaiting its return to Poland, were Dr. Cort and his wife; and their departure was being covered by every American reporter in London. On Friday, Klimowicz could have been brought ashore without much drama. But the Home Secretary waited till Saturday, when the Captain had received his instructions from his Embassy to hold Klimowicz and return him to Gdynia. Then the following things took place. Sir Frank Newsam, the Permanent Secretary, remained on duty for twenty-four hours. Sir John Nott-Bower became the first Police Commissioner in the history of the Police Force to be at the Yard on the Saturday of the August holiday. The Lord Chief Justice issued a writ of *habeas corpus* from his Chelsea home, and Sir Winston Churchill directed operations from Westerham. Finally, a hundred and twenty police officers, in a flotilla of launches, surrounded the ship and rescued the stowaway, after searching Dr. Cort's cabin. I am passionately in favour of this country's granting political asylum to refugees from any regime. But, as a result of the investigations of Mr. Bishop and Mr. Glenton, I can't help feeling that Antoni Klimowicz might not have interrupted the holidays of so many important people if the presence of Dr. Cort on board the ship had not already drawn the American journalists to the Pool of London.

* * *

A correspondent recently wrote to ask if a newspaper should not be required by law to correct its incorrect statements. This proposal has often been discussed. One well-meaning baronet wrote books advocating a " Truth Court." It is, I think, clear that where a significant factual error has been made the newspaper should publish a correction, but that it would in any case only be possible to enforce this by law where the statement is demonstrably factually false. Most " incorrect statements " are only incorrect in that they are half-truths, false by innuendo, or unfair according to the opinion of some persons and not of others. A sharp division must be made between " truth " and " accuracy." Any practised journalist can write columns which are factually accurate, and which are yet lies from beginning to end, while the most truthful articles in the world, wrung by the sweat of brow from a writer who has tried to discover the facts and weigh them truly, may contain factual inaccuracies. In short, the law is altogether too blunt a weapon for killing anything but the palpable and provable inaccuracy. All the worst lies must escape its meshes.

* * *

Readers who like a new guessing game may like to give the authorship and date of the following. I remember the last time that I offered a puzzle, a reply came from a military expert by return. That one dealt with the Chinese military potential. This is a rather topical discussion on American psychology.

> The current situation in America is by way of being something of a psychiatrical clinic. In order to come to an understanding of this situation, there is doubtless much else to be taken into account, but the case of America is, after all, not fairly to be understood without making due allowance for a certain prevalent unbalance and derangement of mentality, presumably transient, but sufficiently grave for the time being. Perhaps the commonest and plainest evidence of this unbalanced mentality is to be seen in a certain fearsome and feverish credulity with which a large proportion of the Americans are affected. As contrasted with their state of mind before the war, they are predisposed to believe in footless outrages and odious plots and machinations—" treasons, stratagems, and spoils." They are readily provoked to a headlong intolerance, and resort to unadvised atrocities as a defense against imaginary evils. There is a visible lack of composure and logical coherence, both in what they will believe and in what they are ready to do about it.

* * *

Great Bardfield, you will recall, was one of the three beautiful Essex villages especially recommended to visitors to the Festival three years ago. The last three week-ends it has again been *en fête*. The houses of the painters who live there have been open, with their works displayed, and the artists therefore on tap to discuss them with you. The attraction is greater because there is no " Bardfield School of Painting "; there is nothing in common, except technical ability, between Edward Bawden, Clifford Smith, Michael Rothenstein, James Aldrich, Edward Chapman and Walter Hoyle. On a sunny day—and there have been two days of sun—the occasion was wholly delightful. So many people found it so that, even when it pelted from morning to night, extra buses had to be put on to bring visitors from London, and the main Bardfield Street, to the awe and astonishment of the local inhabitants, has been lined on both sides with cars of foreigners from other counties. The artists themselves were extremely pleased. They sold a lot of pictures; they responded to promising feelers for future work, and one of them told me that he had sold several hundred pounds worth of prints. The prints were delightful, and I wasn't surprised that people thought them worth a few guineas each. But the interesting thing is that people who have never been interested in pictures before, and who start off a conversation by saying that of course they know nothing at all about art, will go long distances to see exhibitions, find themselves deeply interested in modern pictures, and decide, sometimes, to buy them.

* * *

I read the other day that the Amusement Trades Association has persuaded the Board of Trade to grant licences for the import, during the next twelve months, of German-made juke-boxes to the value of £10,000. British juke-box makers are said to be incensed about this. " We can supply all the juke-boxes," they argue, " of a quality sufficient to preserve the social amenities, that may be needed." This is roughly what I should have thought. Have you listened to a juke-box, or, to be as elderly and distant as the Board of Trade list, a " coin-operated phonograph "? No? Then I can tell you of a West-End fun-fair where you can often hear two at the same time, playing different tunes—and where *nobody minds.* A group of music-lovers huddles round each one, twitching and scratching in complete oblivion to the rival performance. It's really the normal gramophone salon with its claws out: no attempt at the sound " insulation " that so discreetly mixes *Una voce poco fa* with the *Ride of the Valkyries,* and every man for himself. I wonder if two juke-boxes " preserve the social amenities " better than one?

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

New regulations announced yesterday for London's St. James's and Green Parks remove the ban on pushing bathchairs more than three abreast.—*Daily Express.* (B. Hall.)

*108, Mr. Beswick: To ask the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, by whose authority the notice board at Bovingdon Airport bears the message, the United States Air Force welcomes you to Britain.—*House of Commons Order Paper.* (A. Ford.)

The keynote of Helen Connor's classically English beauty is a flawless, startling white skin and enormous green eyes, which she dramatises with green mascara.—*Sunday Graphic.* (Frank Rhoden.)

Those people who feel that we are in danger of losing Christianity should be grateful to Hollywood for trying to ensure that, even if the religion goes, its origins shall be remembered.—*Surrey Comet.* (Ruth Collins.)

Anyone on the Thames who brings a body ashore receives a statutory fee of 5*s.* on the Surrey shore. If he takes it across to Middlesex he gets 7*s.* 6*d.*—*Evening Standard.* (Carmen Blanck-Sichel.)

The Fighting Fund for Freedom has been pressing for some time that the truth about Communism should be taught in every school. It has been made clear that this teaching would not touch politics or propaganda.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.* (R. Dargavel.)

GUY OR DOLL

What troubles Anglo-American relations,
  Why do they differ after joining hands?
What is the cause of emotional frustrations?
Why the confusion on Britain's obligations?
  Uncle Sam would like to know just where he stands.

Though both States proclaim their solidarity,
  America has one voice, Britain has two.
It's just a case of dual personality;
John Bull's a gentleman, Britannia is a lady.
  Uncle Sam is left without a clue.

John Bull, Uncle Sam stand by one another,
  Mutual interests united to defend.
But is Uncle Sam John Bull's bigger brother,
Or is he Britannia's generous sugar-daddy,
  Is he business partner or gentleman friend?

Mutual confusion makes the rift grow wider,
  Is not something owing for the billions lent?
Must Uncle Sam, a liberal provider,
Ask " Is you is, or is you ain't, my baby? "—
  Never get the latchkey though he pays the rent?

Uncle Sam likes plain, straightforward dealings—
  Giving and receiving ought to forge a link—
If his claims have wounded British feelings,
Why does John Bull still request assistance?
  Why does not Britannia cry " Take back your mink "?

In return for succour and protection
  Uncle Sam on John Bull surely should rely.
Where's the proof of Britannia's affection?
Will John Bull take Uncle Sam's direction?
  Is Great Britain a doll or a guy?

SAGITTARIUS

No Fixed Abode

" *It shall be the duty of the Board to make provision whereby persons without a settled way of living may be influenced to lead a more settled life. . . .* " Sec. 17, Part 2, National Assistance Act, 1948.

FAITH in human nature is implicit in the 1948 National Assistance Act, as in many of the Acts passed by the Labour Government. This faith is extended not only to the recipients but to the administrators of the social services. It is assumed that officials trained in Means Test and Poor Law principles will accept and act upon ideas, often foreign to their natures, and that the general public will not exploit the services provided for those in need. On the whole, this faith has been justified; but it is still worth considering some of the difficulties engendered by this new approach to human beings.

One purpose of the 1948 National Assistance Act was to rehabilitate the relatively large number of men and women without homes or settled jobs, who used casual wards and voluntary institutions for the homeless. To achieve this end, the National Assistance Board closed more than half the casual wards in the country and left the remainder, renamed Reception Centres, to be administered on its behalf by Local Authorities. A means test is retained at these Centres and no one known to carry the price of a bed may be admitted. No penniless man may be refused admission, unless alternative accommodation is offered. If he is drunk or disorderly, the police may be called. If he is on the Centre's black list, he may be directed to an institution reserved for troublesome men; or some voluntary organisation may be persuaded, over the telephone, to take him. The staff of these Centres are expected to adapt the old casual ward routine to the needs of the casuals and to do all that is in their power to get them into regular work. A superintendent may, if he wishes, allow a man to stay for a week or two at a centre; he may excuse him from institutional chores, if they interfere with his prospects of work; he may lend him small sums of money or provide him with clothes. And in the large L.C.C. Institution in Camberwell, up to 180 men who have been found jobs may stay in the attached hostel, for a small cost, for several weeks whilst they save money for clothes and other necessities, and become accustomed to regular work.

The number of casuals is not negligible. In one month last year, 1,900 men each spent on an average six nights at the Camberwell Institution. 38 per cent. of these men were under 35 and 3 per cent. under 21. In the first four months of this year, 600 women each spent on an average ten days at the Southwark Reception Centre. These are only two of the many Centres up and down the country paid for by the National Assistance Board. In addition, voluntary organisations provide many thousands of beds for casuals prepared to spend between two and three shillings on a bed.

Many of the Local Authority employees, now responsible for the reception and rehabilitation of the casuals, worked in the old casual wards and allied Institutions. They are men and women with long experience of social misfits and with great interest in the work; but they are, for the most part, without professional training, and many have had little education beyond the age of fourteen. They are assisted by visiting welfare officers and Labour Exchange officials, who may be present daily at the large Institutions. To the spiv, the inebriate, the discharged prisoner, the uncertified psychotic, the young man unable to settle after national service, the old time casual who has never known a different life the important person is not the welfare officer but the man at the door, who interviews him on arrival, and the superintendent, who sets the tone of the centre and decides his fate. If these officers lack insight and do not combine sympathy with the necessary toughness, the work of the more highly trained welfare officers may be largely unavailing.

Among the men casuals, some are too old or too ill physically or mentally to benefit by such help as a Reception Centre can offer. Among the men who are potentially capable of regular work, the most troublesome to the staff are the young men who are believed to be exploiting the service in order to get a free night's lodging. Officers have been deprived of their former right of search and are now expected to take a man's word that he is penniless. By shaking his clothes (" to see if they are lousy ") whilst he is taking his compulsory bath, the staff may catch out the inexperienced casual. Those more experienced in dishonesty leave their money in a local café or conceal a note in the lining of a jacket. Such dishonest men may be few in number, but they create a prejudice against all young casuals, which is not conducive to their rehabilitation. Officials rarely retaliate by taking a man to Court on a charge of contravening Reception Centre regulations or of refusing or neglecting to maintain himself. Such charges are troublesome to make, difficult to establish and often lead only to a trivial penalty when proved. Nor is great use made of the Re-establishment Centre, set up under the 1948 Act, to which men can be sent for " instruction or training requisite to fit them for entry or return to regular employment." The difficulty of getting men to the centre, and of holding them once they arrive, makes this section of the Act unprofitable to apply.

Women casuals present a different problem. For the most part over 40, unwanted and without hope, 60 or 70 of them may be seen on a Spring night in a one-time prison which makes Holloway seem inviting. Here, after taking baths supervised by the staff, the women sit and eat their meal of cocoa or soup and bread and margarine in a room without floor covering and without furniture or amenities, save bare tables, benches and hard upright chairs. The single cells, in which nearly all sleep, are furnished with a bed and bedding (no sheets), a chair and a hook on the massive prison door. There are no mirrors in the cells and no light at night, save that which comes from the corridor through the doors' peep-holes. Some of the women are working; some have a pension or are on National Assistance; a few are beggars. All are without homes and, owing to personal or social defects beyond their control, unable to support themselves. Many have had mental treatment. Others need it. Yet others would benefit by skilled medical advice and care. Nearly all are interviewed by a welfare officer, who visits daily and is highly skilled in her work. But her task is superhuman, as is shown by the fact that, during five weeks this spring, 2,073 women were discharged from this Centre.

It seems fairly certain that many of the problems associated with rehabilitation will not be solved without some modification of the present system. In London and in some large towns, it might well be worth classifying Reception Centres on an age basis with a dividing line at 30 or 35. Young casuals wishing for a free bed would then have no choice but to go to a Centre which could be staffed with men (and, if possible, women) trained for the work of rehabilitation and able to distinguish between the many medical, psychological and social factors associated with unwillingness or an inability to remain in regular work. The older casuals could be left for the time being in the hands of existing Reception Centre staff, who perhaps have more understanding of their needs than of those of the younger men. There is also need in London for more hostels for young men run by the County Council on the lines of working men's hotels. Several such hostels already exist. These hostels, like Rowton Houses—one-third of whose inmates are under 30,—should be largely self-supporting and should provide, at the lowest possible cost, only the bare necessities of board and lodging.

As for the women—however much they may seek to exploit what is offered—they need more courtesy, comfort and skilled help than existing Centres provide. Women casuals are not so many that the nation could not afford for them more welfare workers and the minimum requirements of a decent life. An even greater need in London is for a lodging house for women run on the lines of those provided by the L.C.C. for men. Here a woman could cook her own meals and keep her independence and her eccentricities at a low cost to herself and—if a building were available—at only a small cost to the Council.

In a large community there must be men and women " without a settled way of living." They are not criminals. Many of them, though out of sight, are in need. The nation needs their services. Their rehabilitation is our responsibility.

MARY STEWART

Atoms for Export

BRITAIN'S peaceful atoms now form an export trade of very substantial proportions, with customers in forty countries, from Hungary to the United States. Every month the demand for radio-active isotopes, "cooked" in the atomic piles of Windscale and Harwell, and radio-active compounds prepared at Amersham, is increasing —and all for harmless, beneficial purposes. To ship atomic by-products to the United States may seem like sending coals to Newcastle; but the radio-chemists at Amersham have achieved results which, in some instances, are in advance of the American, and the air-shipments across the Atlantic are considerable.

Isotopes are chemical "twins," first discovered by Professor Frederick Soddy. They have exactly the same chemical properties, but have a different physical mass and different physical properties. Because they are chemically identical, there is no chemical process by which they can be separated. They have to be separated physically. Aston, in the 1930s, showed how it could be done by what is called the mass-spectrograph. This takes advantage of the difference in atomic weights between the isotopes. Roughly, the method might be compared to two racing-cars, leaving the starting point, hub-to-hub, racing together down the straight and then coming to the turn (the curvature, in the mass-spectrograph, produced by a magnetic field). The heavier car would swing farther up the bank while the lighter would hug the inner rail. Thus they would be flung apart. The divergent atoms in the mass-spectrograph can be passed through a trap, before they converge again. Or uranium isotopes can be separated by the diffusion process, first worked out in this country by Sir Francis Simon and Professor Peierls, but adopted on the grand scale in America. This consists of combining uranium with hexafluoride and producing a gas. This gas is pressured through membrane filters. The lighter atoms go through first and can be skimmed off. They are then chemically separated from the fluoride. This is the process used at Capenhurst, Cheshire, to obtain U.235.

The man-made isotopes are produced by exposing chemicals to the intense bombardment by atomic-particles in the piles. They are transmuted—the dream of the medieval alchemists—into other chemicals, identical twins with those which exist in nature, but radio-active. They give off rays, just as radium does, but chemically they behave just the same as their natural brothers. They combine in compounds or are taken up by plants, or the human body, and used physiologically and biochemically. For example, radio-active iodine, like natural iodine, goes straight to the thyroid gland and accumulates there. Radio-active phosphorus or radio-active calcium has a natural affinity with the bone and radio-active iron with the red blood cells. But they have this difference; they are "labelled." The rays or particles which they give off can be picked up by Geiger-counters or scintillators or other detectors, and can be tracked and counted, so that living chemical processes can be chartered and measured as was never possible before. As Dr. E. E. Pochin, of University College Hospital, said recently "It is just as if we wanted to study the migration of swallows and could trap a number in a certain area, put rings on their legs and release them in the knowledge that they would return to the flock, mix with them and migrate with them; so that wherever such a ringed bird turned up we would know that it had been one of ours, and so would know exactly when and where it had been released and, therefore, could deduce the speed and routes of its migration. And we could infer that such routes of migration held for the flock as a whole."

The importance in research is obvious; so is the value in treatment, because, not only can the scientist discover how iodine, for instance, gets to the thyroid; but, if the thyroid is cancerous, he can depend upon the radio-active iodine concentrating there, if need be, in sufficient quantities to act, internally, on the tumour. By this method, scientists have discovered that penicillin is, basically, a relatively simple combination of two chemicals; and they have also discovered that it does not kill the germs by penetrating and poisoning them but by altering their chemical environment and, in that way, preventing them from surviving or multiplying.

At Amersham, they are carrying out biological experiments with Carbon 14. This is the radio-active form of carbon, that basic element of living processes. This isotope remains radio-active for over 5,000 years and is produced by neutron-bombardment of the element, nitrogen. This can be "fed" to plants, such as the rapidly propagating chlorella, the green scum of ponds, and the chlorella can be fed to animals. A hen recently ate chlorella and produced a radio-active egg. This egg in turn yielded radio-active albumen and proteins, which could be used for studying the biochemistry of other processes and provide clues to all kinds of things, such as the cause of allergies. Or Carbon 14 can be used in carbon-dioxide, which plants breathe, just as other radio-active elements can be combined with the fertilisers, which the plants consume. So the living processes, and ultimately protosynthesis (the method by which plants convert the sun's energy into the food we eat) can be studied. For instance, a leaf, or a tomato, fed on radio-active materials can be laid on a photographic plate and it will produce an "X-ray" photograph of itself, from the rays emitted.

Fisheries research is using such labelled atoms in a great variety of ways. So is agricultural research, including the study of systemic insecticides. These consist of feeding a poison to a plant. It is harmless to the plant itself, which proceeds to alter it in its own natural laboratories and use it for its own purposes, but the secondary chemical it produces can be lethal to the aphis which feeds on its leaves—and only to that particular aphis. Thus it can kill selectively instead of, like D.D.T., killing all insects, including possibly beneficial ones. How the plant does this conversion and the nature of these secondary chemicals is a matter of profound chemical and agricultural interest; and here again labelled atoms can help.

In industry, a whole new language and technology has recently developed and is proliferating in newer and rarer specialisations. The more obvious industrial techniques include the embodying of radio-isotopes metallurgically. To measure the friction on a bearing, for instance, it is only necessary to use a radio-active tracer in the metal and then count the clicks which the Geiger-counter gets from the lubricating oil, to tell how much metal is, intangibly and invisibly, being abraded. Metallurgists can study the nature of steels, measure stresses and detect flaws. With radio-active sources, they can gauge and control the thickness of metals or papers, or abort the static electricity, which is risky in high-speed printing and textile processes.

Radio-active isotopes are also being tried as a means of killing death-watch beetles and insects in wood, without damaging the wooden structures themselves. They are being tried out in the U.S. as a method of sterilising foods and disinfecting foodstuffs in store. That is still in its infancy and paid volunteers have been called for to eat the food thus treated. I have not heard that people are queueing up for the job. Indeed every day someone thinks up a new application for radio-isotopes.

Unknown to the general public these radio-active chemicals are moving about the country. Some of them are innocent enough to go through the mails. Some need giant containers because their radiation is so deadly—radio-active cobalt, for instance, more powerful and more deadly than radium when indiscriminately used (or in Cobalt Bombs), but life-giving when used in the treatment of cancer (as at Mount Vernon Hospital). The life of these radio-active isotopes varies from a few seconds like Rhodium 106, to millions of years, like Chlorine 36. To make use of the short-lived ones an elaborate system of logistics has to be worked out—high-speed cars rushing freshly cooked isotopes to be loaded on an aircraft, which will be met on the airport by other high-speed cars and rushed to the hospital or laboratory, where the operation or experiment is already in progress and surgeons are waiting to snatch the fast-decaying rays. The police of this country, in the case of medical urgency, will clear the roads and provide an escort.

Most of these radio-chemicals are being specially transmuted—cooked-to-order in the piles—but large amounts are produced as waste-products of the piles themselves. These wastes produce formidable problems of disposal. At the moment they are either deep buried or embedded in concrete and dumped out at sea. There may be ways, however, by which the wastes can be separated and included in our growing export trade in atoms.

RITCHIE CALDER

A School for Criminals

THE recent case of an assistant executioner in this country, who got six months for circulating obscene literature, suggests the theme for a new thesis. There is plenty of material for the serious student and I propose to offer no more than a few hints as to where he will find it.

A German friend has supplied me with two case histories, in response to an inquiry from me. He writes of a subject on which he is an expert and I have summarised both stories with deep regret, for the details are curious.

Case No. 1 is that of a man called Völkel, who obtained the post of Executioner for Berlin and the Soviet Zone after the war. His job was to guillotine people at 1,000 marks per head and during the two years of his employment (1946-48) he chopped off 48 heads. His income, though high by current standards, proved unequal to his thirst. Völkel did a side-line in crime. He not only went in for robbery, but became a modern Fagin, organising gangs of juvenile delinquents with great success. Gangsterism, other than the properly organised political variety, seems to have been something new in Germany. My German friend, in fact, knows only of one and this one, founded by the afore-named Public Executioner. It was known as the Gladow Gang, Gladow being a young pupil of Völkel who was its nominal head. Gladow and two of his associates were sentenced to death, but their tutor was not available to carry out the sentence as he was already in prison for robbery.

Case No. 2 concerns a man called Pleil, who was given a life sentence at Brunswick for attempted murder. A little bored with his prospects he applied to the Minister of Justice for the post of Executioner. "As everybody does when applying for a position," writes my German friend, "Pleil tried to recommend his services: he claimed that he was not without experience in killing, as he had already murdered 33 persons."

The authorities did not at first take his claim seriously. Later, however, they investigated Pleil's qualifications and made, so my friend says, a strange discovery. "Like other applicants for a job, Pleil had grossly exaggerated his previous record. Twenty-one of his alleged victims were found to be living, but 12 others had indeed been killed by Pleil." As these 12 cases took two years to investigate, Pleil escaped the death penalty, which was abolished during that period. Had he known that it was to be abolished he would clearly not have applied for the post of executioner and the facts relating to his 12 murders might never have been discovered. This provides a novel argument against abolishing capital punishment.

In our English records I find that the richest period in crime among hangmen was between 1718 and 1780. In these sixty-two years, in England alone, one hangman (John Price) was hanged for murder. The next year Price's successor (William Marvell) would have been hanged for theft, had not a merciful judge reduced the nominal value of goods worth twelve shillings to the significant figure of four shillings and tenpence. In 1750 another hangman (John Thrift) was condemned for murder but reprieved and reinstated. Finally, in 1780, a fourth hangman (Edward Dennis) was sentenced to death for helping to loot Catholic houses in the Gordon Riots. He, too, was given a free pardon so that he could hang his colleagues in the rioting.

Hanging in those days appears to have had so little beneficial influence that prisoners were caught coining in 1700 (when it was a capital offence) at Newgate, where the fate of other *alumni* should surely have restrained them. And "Half-hanged Smith," whose reprieve in 1705 arrived after he had been swinging for seven minutes (some say fifteen), lived, undeterred by his experience, to pursue a life of crime.

Further examples can be found in the records of America and other civilised countries, though it seems less common today for executioners to do voluntary extra-mural killings. They appear to favour drugs rather than drink, and suicide rather than murder—a reflection perhaps of the morbid business of silence and secrecy, which has replaced the holiday mood that once linked Old English Hangings with the pageantry of the Roman arena and the public zeal of an *auto-da-fé*. No executioner, in the hey-day of hanging, would have allowed himself to be tormented to the point of attempted suicide, as Ellis did, merely because he hanged a woman and believed her innocent.

The executioner, as Edward Gibbon Wakefield reminded Judge Elderson in a memorable pamphlet, is the necessary and honourable colleague of the Judge. His status was inadvertently recognised in 1616 when Gregory Brandon, the hangman, was granted a coat of arms. In spite of the cloud which hangs over his son and successor, Richard Brandon (who probably executed Charles I and only saved his neck by dying before the Restoration, if this story is true), a feeble effort was made by later hangmen to claim the rank of Esquire. But Jack Ketch let the side down by striking for higher pay; and this introduced a sordid note which may partly account for some of the deplorable lapses in subsequent artists.

We are officially informed, however, that an average of five applications a week are still received by the Home Office for what is now a mere part-time job. Mr. Berry, a celebrated hangman who was himself one of 1,399 candidates when he first applied in 1883 (unsuccessfully—but he had been brought up on Bruce and the spider) made a serious effort to restore the dignity of the profession by cultivating something equivalent to the bed-side manner in a successful G.P. He also had cards printed stating his name and vocation and handed pious verses to each of his clients when he examined them with a view to calculating the optimum drop.

It is to be feared that war has now made killing so commonplace that it will be difficult to re-establish the aristocracy of those who are licensed to kill in time of peace. But unless something can be done to restore the *amour-propre* of executioners and particularly to make them sensible of their privilege and the responsibilities entailed by it, robberies, murders, *hara-kiri* and—at the very least—the sale of obscene literature must inevitably result, from time to time, in a profession so completely immunised to the healthy deterrent effects of the gallows and the guillotine.

Reginald Reynolds

A Student in the U.S.S.R.

Perhaps the clearest impression remaining after a few weeks spent travelling throughout the Soviet Union is one of mild disappointment; after all, is it not disappointing to be able to walk through the back streets of Moscow or Kharkov shooting photographs right and left without having anybody tap you on the shoulder? Even the appeal of roaming the streets at night looking for injustices is missed when, tired and sleepy and lost, you cannot find a secret policeman to direct you back to your hotel. . . . There are, of course, many fascinating experiences, but the one thing every traveller is rather reluctant to tell is that the Soviet Union is becoming more and more commonplace and is rapidly losing the halo of mystery that enveloped it for many years. The most crushing anti-climax I experienced was when I saw, parked outside the Metropole Hotel in Moscow, a brand-new American car, and stepping out of it, two prosperous and foreign-looking individuals. I didn't have a chance to meet them until later in the day, and in the few hours that intervened my mind was working at great speed trying to imagine who they could possibly be. Spies enjoying a holiday? Deserters from U.S. occupation forces somewhere? Or perhaps these were the owners of those voices with heavy American accents that read scripts over Radio Moscow? The truth came as a cold shower: they were two Danish industrialists selling fishing boats to the Russians!

Another myth that was promptly dispelled was that of the "taboo" topics of conversation. The first time I mentioned the case of Beria, I expected a hush to descend on the conversation, like the arctic silence that follows an English joke told to a French audience. Instead, the subject was eagerly picked up by my companions, a group of students of Moscow University; in a twinkling I was involved, as a listener, in an argument between two law students, one saying that although Beria was a traitor, a jackal, he had not been given enough time to prepare his defence; the other arguing that, because Beria was such a scoundrel, he didn't deserve a defence at all! Not too enlightening, perhaps; but not a bad subject for a debate in the U.S.S.R. Even better arguments followed my mentioning the notorious directives of Comrade Zhdanov to the writers and artists of the Soviet Union. There was even a student in Leningrad University who called the directives "stupid," and made no efforts to hide the low opinion he had of their influence upon contemporary Soviet letters.

The most popular writers in English among Soviet students seem to be James Aldridge (*The Diplomat*), Howard Fast, and Shaw, with Priestley and Chesterton closely behind. Graham Greene, T. S. Eliot, Evelyn Waugh, E. M. Forster, are almost completely unknown to the average undergraduate, although post-graduate students of English literature are familiar with them. A visit to the famous Lenin Library of Moscow, reputed to contain over seventeen million volumes, reveals the degree of intellectual censorship to which the average Soviet reader is subjected; the catalogue of works in English does not contain a single book by James Joyce or Virginia Woolf, and, of course, nothing by Koestler, Orwell or Isaac Deutscher. Eventually, one of the librarians took me to a catalogue on the fourteenth floor. Here I found not only the works of Joyce and Forster, but also *Animal Farm, Homage to Catalonia,* Deutscher's *Stalin,* and every book that one can possibly think might be frowned upon by the Soviet authorities. This catalogue, the librarian told me, was open only to "specialists." Actually, these specialists do exist; I met one in the University of Leningrad who astonished me by showing an extraordinary familiarity with such diverse thinkers as Unamuno, Whitehead, and Josiah Royce.

Only in the United States have I felt such a "weight of geography" as in the U.S.S.R. After a few days in Kharkov or Tashkent (or Kansas or Missouri), the outside world tends to disappear beyond an ocean of land; it becomes relatively unimportant. International problems become remote. Europe, to students in Kharkov, seems to be only a far-away fringe of Eurasia. Their main worries are not the course of international politics, but sports, studies, the girl next door; the result is very much the same spirit of indifference that one finds in many campuses of the Mid-West.

The "nationalities" of the U.S.S.R. are a very real thing. In Tashkent, for instance, I had a long conversation with a truck driver (I was trying to convince him that the British C.P. was not the largest party in the U.K.), during which he kept referring to the "Government." It was not until the end of our discussion that I realised that this "Government" was not the one in Moscow, but the one sitting in Tashkent! In many ways, this man was first a citizen of Uzbekistan and secondly a Soviet citizen. Culturally also, these Republics enjoy a greater degree of individuality than the West is inclined to believe; local newspapers in Tashkent are all printed in the Uzbek language, in spite of reports in the American press to the effect that the national languages are being discouraged. Even cigarette packages and matchboxes are printed in the national languages in some Republics, such as the Ukraine. Uzbek radio broadcasts are also in the national language and even a performance of *Othello* I saw in Tashkent was in Uzbekistani.

It was not uncommon to find groups of students, usually undergraduates in technical schools, seriously believing that life in Britain today was not unlike the descriptions found in the works of Dickens. Political preconceptions apart, these students were ready to admit, somewhat shamefacedly, that they had access to very few English publications and that they had practically never heard music by contemporary British composers. One student of the Kharkov Conservatoire said to me, amidst the cheers of his companions, "Why don't you tell the B.B.C. to broadcast more music instead of propaganda?" Both the B.B.C. and the Voice of America's services in English enjoy some popularity among students who are trying to polish up their English, hence, I imagine, the heavy American accents of some Ukrainians who have never met an American in their lives.

The most pressing problem of which I became aware while in the U.S.S.R. was the housing problem in Moscow. Across the river from the Kremlin, only a few yards away from the British Embassy, one can find slums that would fit inconspicuously in the least glamorous districts of any Western industrial city. Nevertheless, the slums of Moscow are quite different from those in the West. In London or New York, a slum is an integral concept; one expects it to be occupied by a certain income-group of people, poor people usually live in poor houses. In Moscow this is not so; one often sees and hears of fairly well-paid professional men owning a car, a TV set and a good wardrobe, but living in shacks. Housing seems to have lagged behind in the reconstruction effort.

Leaving the Institute of Higher Education of Moscow, I told a group of my hosts that I had hopes that, in the near future, individual students could travel throughout the U.S.S.R. merely as tourists and not as members of delegations. This was quite beyond the comprehension of my friendly hosts. Why should anybody like to travel alone? Was it not much better to go together with your schoolmates and fellow workers? It took me a few minutes to explain that in Britain and in western Europe some people actually like to "bum the roads" alone, but I definitely found my Waterloo when I tried to explain what a hitch-hiker was. I am afraid Soviet students are going to have to wait for the easing of international relations before they learn this tricky concept.

Claudio Veliz

The Suitors

There was a widower who had a daughter. The death of his wife had nearly broken this man, for he had not the consolation of Religion or the prop of a ship-shape, peremptory Philosophy. Now, he proposed to break himself yet again by offering his daughter in marriage. Power he had and great wealth; but these were toys. His daughter was his all. For her—if it had been to her fancy—he would have procured a young poet, a rising politician, an athlete, a clear-eyed sailor, the dilettante son of an industrialist, a duke; or any unremarkable fellow that took her eye. And this would have been no cynical procurement for she had rare beauty and talents.

She would have none of his offering. It was not that she was undutiful or self-willed or strange. It was that she distrusted a marriage of young passion; a careful, eugenic union chilled her; she was not ambitious for love. Simply, she held to the ancient saying that hanging and wiving go by destiny. To her father she said, "Send out into the world and find me, by some random system, a dozen men. Bring them here so that they may look at me. Then stand them at the window there. Let them, one by one, speak of what they see or what they think they see. I will listen. According to the echo of their words, I will choose. One of them I will marry."

The father sighed. "Dear daughter, I am too old and prudent to be able to understand—but it shall be as you wish."

It was a various muster. The suitors all bore the marks of their time. Apart from that bitter brand there was no resemblance among them, either of aspect or way of thought. For some, yesterday was the significant day; for some, tomorrow or the day after; and for some, today. One after another they came into the room and were shown the young woman. Then they went to the window and there, after a small or a large pause or no pause at all, they spoke in turn as follows . . .

"An orchard! Ah, how I hate blossom—that mocker, that dimpled pimp for Autumn. So swift is the moment of time between the blossom and the fallen fruit, from leaping boy to alderman, between the bride's gasp and the mastotomy. Once upon a time that's only yesterday, I could have told you freshly what I saw through your window. Now I have read too much, listened too much for any innocent regard. ("This is *wholly* Boucher!" "Yet . . . would Berenson have seen it so?" "It has, perhaps, a dying fall.") Each and every headlong minute diminishes me, fades my senses like a cataract the eye.

"But forgive me, dear child! What can I offer you? The little thing I did on 'Antonina and her Belitzar'? A dish of beccaficos? My Wedgwood jasper or my Bleu Persan? Twilight refinements on the chaise-longue? True wine? What Pablo said to me, and I to Evelyn in his gayer time? Could you be there for me? Wearing your young hair and your young mouth like some insignia—for me? Smiling at decay's crescendo, knowing yourself immune?"

(The young woman let her head be seen in profile.)

"This window is neither dormer, lancet, casement, oriel, lantern, rose, lattice, nor bay nor bow. I observe a line of mountains to the south-east, devoid of any metalliferous strata; a countryside supporting a population of under thirty to the square mile; a soil deficient in lime; men without proper headgear or civic consciousness; women following irregular avocations; dogs without pedigree; nowhere a peacock or a District Nurse, no herbaceous borders. I see a dwelling-place lacking electricity and piped water. There is only one road, unmetalled, uncambered, Category 3, bordered by lindens, corruptly known as limes. Cloud is two-tenths, cirro-cumulus. I limit myself to the following personal details:—I am scrupulous, agnostic, legitimate, inoculated,. I abide by majority decisions. I would not wish the woman I wish to love to be other than impartial in her choice. I am her obedient servant."

("Alack, alack!" she whispered.)

"What do you creatures of light know of the vigour of darkness, or its eloquence? Your pride in the great illusion of colour I do not comprehend. A rose is red? Why have you never told me what you mean? Colour of blood? Blood is warm and moving and then after a little time it is hard enough for you to scratch with your finger-nail. Taste it. Listen to it. The smell of it even you could not mistake. Put the rose in my hand and I shall know more than you. Put my fingers to the lips of the girl and I shall be more exact in my love than any of you. Open the window! How can a man without eyes tell what is there when the window is shut in his empty face. Open!"

(The girl took from the rose in her hand a petal, and let it fall.)

"I like what I see. Despise me, if you will, because I find simple pleasure in this prospect. So very many tell me that pleasure is suspect. That it cannot be pure. That it serves no end except pleasure. That it is animal unless it is self-conscious. *Know* why you like the scent of a pear, the movement of a percheron. Be in no doubt as you stand on the threshold that the sound you hear is of the spinet and not the clavichord. They will approve then. Me, I will not reflect in the instant of pleasure. I will not analyse or whistle up the wind of technique. I will not sit, eyes rigid with appreciation, to the music of Bach. Rather, I will dance a private jig to his tunes. I like you—but ask me not why or how. Come with me! Come suddenly, laughing. When you have a tooth-ache, I will not pester you with the aesthetics of pain."

(The girl sneezed and smiled a little, after.)

"Here and now is underground. The branches of trees are roots striking into the compost that envelops us. The anemone blooms to nourish the corm. Bees serve only the soil. The mole, the worm, the badger, the dead, inhabit the true climate, striving inwards to the furnace of pain and truth at the centre. Air is the humus we fortify with our disputations. The truffle, the swordfish, chalcedony, cancer the incorruptible, relish the dark. They, with calmness and precision, work while we grope in the sunlight, tremble under the arc-lamps. Stranded on the periphery, breathing our lives away on this insubstantial, dangerous crust, we take false comfort in the blasphemy of laughter, in the illusion of machines. Submit yourself with me. It is the Root that is to seek. Come! Let us turn our backs forever on the dead stars that lie below us at the very bottom of the pit."

(She touched wood for surety.)

"A window is like still water. I need no silver to my mirror. My face is there, my darling adjuvant—and more I will not see. You are welcome to your world, your mapped and dirty *Lebensraum*. I have my own where question and zeal, darkness and distance, the broom, the debt, the scalpel, hold no slightest place. Myself and the moment—that is All. Now is always, and nothing exists unless I sense it. Why moil at the duty of hearing the past, of smelling the future? Why spend yourself casting down your golden pearls upon the glassy swine? Stop your ears, close your eyes, hold your nose! Mother was the one and only other who had a part in my world. How delicate when they touched me and touched me and touched me were her fingers; nimble as crochet-hooks, delicate as trout-flies. Mother was the other and only one. Will you take her place?"

(The daughter closed her eyes.)

"The art of seeing is the mechanics of seeing; a conscious manipulation of muscles, nerves, lenses. I practise vision for the advancement of knowledge. Even now not every phenomenon is docketed. Oh the shame of not yet knowing *all* because man still clogs his thought-processes with untidy emotion. Vision, now. When will men learn to educate their eyes and exploit them? Focus—focus is the thing! See that fly-drop on the pane there. I stare; I squint; I grip it with my eyes. The world ebbs away to something vaguely green. A twitch of an adjustment—and there is the horizon again! But I do not seek the horizon as the concurrence of plain and sky. Line, mass, colour are not to my purpose. I seek the vane on that dovecote. All else is distraction that must be fought with severe patience. The vane I see not with my mind but with nerved, muscled lenses; not as iron or wood, blue or yellow. I hold it, release it, switch again, single-minded, to the fly-drop. Soon I shall be able to read a tombstone at forty paces and the Gospel according to St. Mark incised on a threepenny-bit. The girl would be safe with me. I know of other therapies, objective, rich in discipline."

(She counted her teeth with the tip of her tongue, one by one by one.)

"I am afraid. If I tell you what I see from your window, then I commit myself. That I am afraid to do. I dare not observe, define, choose. Yet I must. 'A few words, any words, from any man—that is all I need to hang him.' Thus the Cardinal Richelieu. It is not new, this peril of option, this dilemma of the unconvinced. But it is final now. All the barriers are up. All the fences, everywhere, are down. There is no safety, alas, in silence. Only dangerous thoughts are harboured in silence. Only malice is mute. Only objectivity is vile. If I love *you*, then I must hate another. If the party-line is that the sun moves, then the sun moves. So. My eyes are as fallible as History. My eyes are means to an End. It is difficult for me to see, you understand. There is, as it were, a mist out there, you understand. Perhaps those are men I see, but they are trees, perhaps. The sun *seems* to move in the sky. All is monochrome out there. For safety's sake it has to be. Colours are so dangerous. Grey is for eminence of a sort; red is Red, and white is for counter-revolution; shirts dyed brown or black do not show the dirt. Quickly, now, let me whisper it. 'I offer you my hand.' One hand. I dare not offer both. 'For lack-lustre better or for etiolated worse.'"

With the folded newspaper of yesterday, the woman struck at a fly. But the next one had nothing to say. His eyes, as he looked briefly at the window, were both scornful and cunning. He turned away, strode to the girl where she stood, snatched up her body in his arms and ran (not smoothly but with confidence—as a rumour or a fire might run) to the window again. One thrust of his boot shattered it, and he passed on through, bearing her out into the world. There it lay before them, his world with its busy smell of fuel-oil and police; its fear of privacy, and spiral toil; its schedules. Farther and farther into the ordinary world he carried her until she could be distinguished no longer. Farther and deeper into the ordinary world with its extra-ordinary dangers, its extra-ordinary promise.

It is not known if the girl ever regretted her lack of choice. It is known only that her father wept, occasionally and secretly—as many fathers of families weep, however loudly they may deny it at the café table.

VERNON JOHNSON

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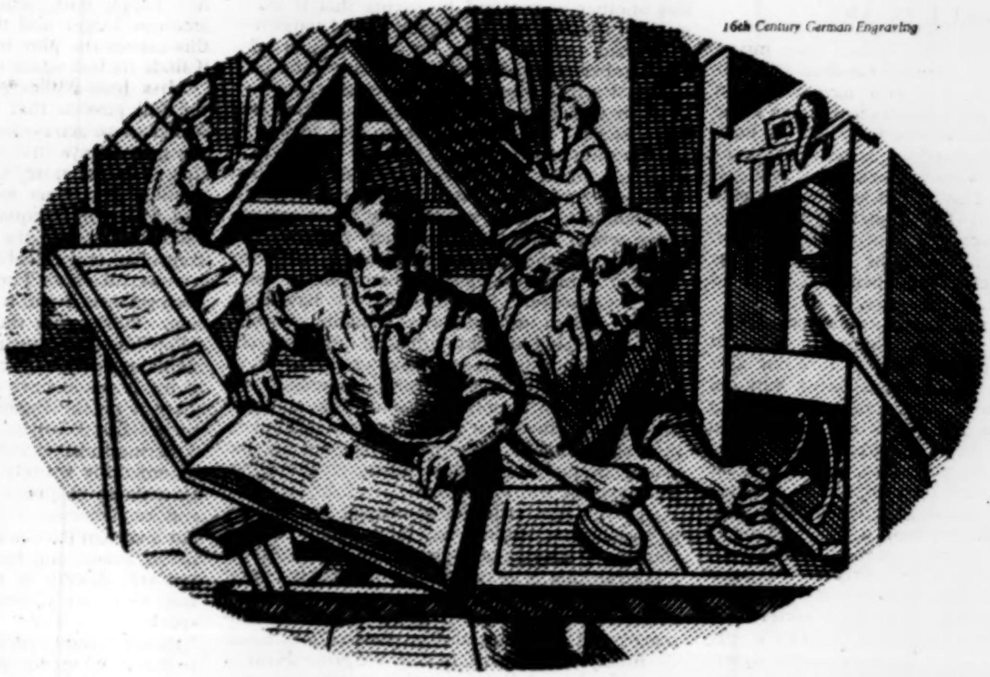

16th Century German Engraving

I hold every man a debtor to his profession

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

Every man is a debtor to the world: to his parents; his schoolmaster; his friends and employers. He owes them his existence; his knowledge; his happiness and his daily bread.

To his profession, he has another debt: that due to generations past whose integrity and skill have given his calling the reputation it enjoys. To them he owes his status as a worker and a thinker.

'Profession' carries a wider meaning now than it did once; and professional status, in common talk, is extended to many functions in industry and commerce. But it is not won lightly; a long record of public responsibility, and private service, must come first. How can such a debt be repaid? Only by handing on still higher standards — and a higher status — than those of yesterday, to the makers of industry to-morrow.

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The Arts and Entertainment

THE GLUT IN ART

Most of the galleries have opened their mixed summer exhibitions. Several hundred contemporary British artists must now have works on show. Ten times as many artists in London alone must either have decided not to exhibit or been unable to do so. Perhaps a quarter—but probably less—of those who are exhibiting will sell one or two works. This sort of argument usually leads, as recently in *The Times,* to a plea for more extensive patronage. But what is seldom realised is that even under the best conditions the present number of independent, so-called Fine Artists would be excessive.

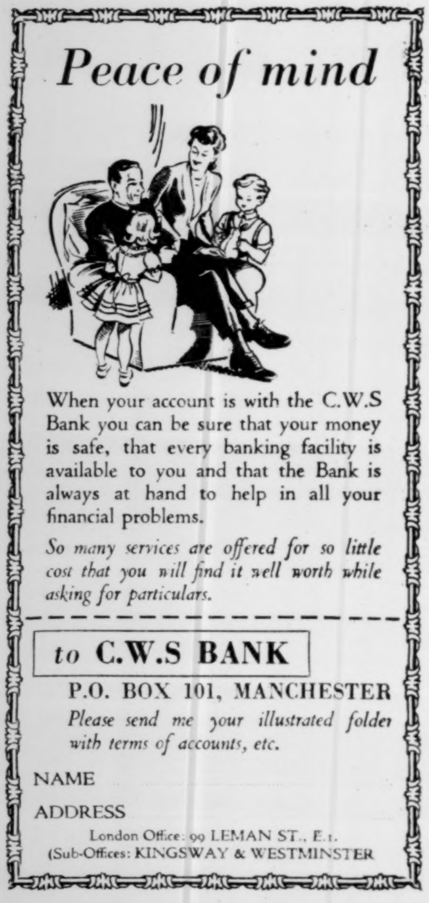
Looking round the mixed exhibitions themselves one realises the same thing in a different way. In front of picture after picture one asks why is this person a professional artist, why did he paint this picture? And one asks this, not necessarily because the works are incompetent or tasteless—often they are extremely skilful and "sensitive"—but because they lack even the minimum of urgency or compulsion, because their artists clearly haven't the essential creative imagination to have anything to say. Many of them might be excellent craftsmen if they were working under another artist's direction—but that is a different question.

It is a commonplace that our society has turned the artist into something between a spiv, a funny eccentric and a holy hermit in the desert. But the important point is that such a status attracts people; it does not repel them. Thousands who are disgusted, bored or frustrated, consciously and unconsciously by the motive force of our society, find a justification for their vaguely rebellious feelings by trying to become "outcast" artists. Denied a sense of the future or any likelihood of recognised personal responsibility, they embrace Art which they believe to be "timeless" and which, according to current æsthetic standards, makes all responsibility supremely and entirely personal. One could put this another way round by saying that if every artist in the country was legally bound tomorrow to be paid a regular salary for doing regular jobs, the number of those who would want to be professional artists would actually decrease.

From this state of affairs one can draw two conclusions. The first is that no real answer to the question of patronage is possible so long as it continues to be considered an isolated problem by itself. And the second is that for the present the soundest if rough criterion by which we can judge which artists deserve such patronage as exists, is whether or not their work bears the mark of a hard struggle to communicate some objective discovery. The majority who have been wrongly driven into art for its romantic consolations, inevitably delight either in formal, technical perfection for its own sake or in subjective chaos. Both such types of work lack imagination for imagination is not, as is sometimes thought, the ability to invent; it is the capacity to disclose that which exists. Only those who have become artists, despite the present status of the artist, will have the will to do this.

Applying this criterion of imaginative struggle to the current exhibitions, John Bratby who is showing a portrait of a girl at the Beaux Arts—a portrait that is as raw as it is intimately honest—Alistair Grant with some pictures of children at the Redfern, Valerie Johnson with some landscapes and a portrait also at the Redfern, Louis de Brocquy with his *Child in a Spring Field* at Gimpels, Lionel Bulmer with a watercolour of a tangled hedgerow and Robert Medley with a canvas of a Thames wharf, both at the Leicester, and Keith Vaughan who has a painting at each of these galleries—are all outstanding.

John Berger



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MR. WILFRID LAWSON

In the last year or two Mr. Wilfrid Lawson has won for himself a special place in the affections of regular theatre-goers. His presence in a cast has been a guarantee that an evening will have in it somewhere the rare delight of perfection. For in its maturity his remarkable talent has flowered and each part he plays now is an absolute work of art, wholly created and wholly fresh, and alive in every detail of its rich inventiveness. Like many first-rank artists his style is idiosyncratic, and there are mannerisms (in his case of voice and delivery) which we have to get used to. But once we have accepted them, they cease to worry us and may even, like an elaborate Jamesian parenthesis or a chip of the real Ibsen granite, have an absurd charm of their own.

It was with Strindberg's *The Father* at the Arts that Mr. Lawson first re-imposed himself on us in a performance of such controlled power and scarifying truth that no one who saw it is likely to forget it easily. Since then he has appeared in a number of supporting roles, notably as the gaoler in *The Prisoner* with Alec Guinness, where his comedy was of a sardonic horror which fitted perfectly into the piece. Now he is to be seen again in a main part in *The Wooden Dish*, a new American play by Edmund Morris, at the Phœnix. This is what used to be called "a strong domestic drama"; it is set in the home of a truck driver on the outskirts of a city in Mexico where the heat exacerbates the nerves and tempers are easily frayed. Clara Dennison, the truck driver's wife, is a woman in her late thirties, still handsome and sexy, but acutely conscious of the passing of the years and desperate to snatch the pleasures of youth while there is still time. The frustration she suffers from a less romantic-minded husband she has come to attribute entirely to the presence in their house of his old father, a veteran of eighty, not far from the verge of senility. If only she could get him out—send him, for instance, to an Old People's Home—everything, she has come to believe, would come right. To get rid of him has become her passion. This, the central theme of the play, is handled by the author with real dramatic force and a convincing honesty. He is less happy with some of the incidentals—the amorous lodger and the teenage daughter—and this causes the play to waver at the centre; but it finds its feet again towards the end.

Miss Joan Miller plays Clara Dennison with the full passion that the part invites. If Miss Miller as an actress has a natural tendency to hit the note always that shade harder than it needs, this is, to my taste, a pleasant change from the gentility that mars too many English actresses; and Miss Miller equally knows the value of the sudden drop into the casual. Hers is always a controlled and calculated performance as well as a powerful one. The triumph of Mr. Lawson's performance is the triumph of art over convention. How easily the part of an old unwanted "Pop" might be turned into a self-pitying sentimentality, and how certainly in nine hands out of ten it would have been—especially now when there is on the English stage a prevailing set of clichés for old men which turns them all into dithering fuddy-duddies. Mr. Lawson's old man is something entirely different, and entirely real. Querulous, obstinate, wry, dislikeable, secretive and yet knowing, he is not just an "old man" but a certain particularised man grown old. The fire is almost out, but it is never quite, and one can still discern in odd glimpses what it once was; there are gleams of remembered blaze, and sparks of sudden unexpected dignity. Mr. Lawson brings every resource of the actor's art to building up his portrait; he acts with every inch of himself; and the reality is made manifest by a continuous inventiveness of what in mere actors would be called "business," but which in the case of an artist like Mr. Lawson is simply the natural and inevitably right physical expression of a complete feeling of the part from the inside.

At the Westminster Theatre a young company are giving Sheridan's comic operetta *The Duenna* in the spirited version which was first seen at the Bristol Old Vic. It is impossible not to be infected by the enthusiasm of the audience for his piece, even though it is not to my taste. For me the humour is too arch, the superfluities (Harlequin and Columbine, etc.) too arty, the consciousness of the fun of it all too obvious in the way the actors move and speak, and the whole style too amateur. What the audience especially enjoyed was the attractive and catchy music by Julian Slade, Miss Joyce Carey's fooling as the Duenna, Mr. Richard Bird's tremendously heavy, heavy father, Mr. Gerald Cross's insinuating Jew, and Miss Jane Wenham's pretty voice. For those who do enjoy pastiche, this is the very thing.

T. C. Worsley

LOOK AND LISTEN

According to figures just published the audience for sound broadcasting in the year ended in June fell by two millions and the audience for television increased by as many. The average size of the adult public for sound is now approximately 26,000,000, that of the public for TV 9,000,000, but on any evening of the week of the total public for B.B.C. transmissions 44 per cent. is now watching television, an increase of 10 per cent. within 12 months. Who watches, and how are viewers' habits affected by the fact of watching? If Cauter and Downham's recent book, *The Communication of Ideas*, based on a field survey carried out in Derby in the spring of 1953, is any guide, then it seems that three-fifths of television-owners belong to the working class and that between a quarter and a third are in homes in which the chief wage-earner earns £7 10s. a week or less.

If the new television-owner is a reader, he will read less. His visits to cinemas will drop by a third. If he is a drinking man his time spent in pubs will be cut by a fifth, though it seems likely that he will drink more bottled beer at home. It looks as though, during the hours that television programmes are obtainable, he becomes entirely lost to sound broadcasting. And what does he gain by it all?

This is, of course, really the same question as that so often put to the television critic by people who catch him off-duty: "Yes, but—on the level: would it be worth *my* while buying a set?" Since a simple answer is obviously impossible, one finds oneself falling back weakly on to some such gambit as "Well, it's wonderful for sporting events," which merely evokes a superior smile and the pitying "I thought you'd say that."

And yet it's true: where sport is concerned TV *is* wonderful. There's nothing like it; and it's not a small thing to be able to see the whole course of the Boat Race or a horse race in one's own home and in a detail and comprehensiveness with which one would never see it if present at the event in the flesh. If sport is important—and football and cricket are surely genuine arts of the people worth cherishing for their own sake—then TV is important, for the televising of sports can only lead to a much greater critical appreciation of them. If, for example, there is an improvement in English soccer it will come not because the England team has been beaten by Hungary but because millions of Englishmen who previously had seen only English soccer have now seen soccer of a quite different order, such as that displayed in the match between Germany and Hungary a few weeks ago. And one doesn't have to be anything so committed as a sports fan to value TV because it allows us to see spectacles of such quality. In their own way, they do represent an enrichment of life.

That surely is the test of the worth or otherwise of television. For the intellectual it may have little to offer, though my view is that it even now has more than he is often prepared to admit. The really important fact, however, the one that must dominate all the others when one discusses television in this country, is that 9,000,000 people now watch it, now subject themselves voluntarily each evening to the most powerful means of communication that has been discovered since the invention of printing. And the question is: What does it offer them that can enhance their lives or increase a critical awareness of the world about them?

Now there is a sense in which the standard criticism of most television programmes, like that of many programmes in sound, or of the cinema or the popular press, is misdirected: the real target of criticism should be our educational system. To watch many TV programmes, as to read many periodicals, is merely to have forced upon one a new realisation of the appalling emptiness of mind to which a majority of the population is still condemned.

Yet programmes that merely reflect the vacuity of perhaps a majority of viewers are still only part of the picture: there are others that may fill up that vacuity and help to turn the empty cell into a well-furnished place. Take the transmission on TV the other evening of *Don Giovanni* from Glyndebourne. Here it seems to me the usual criteria don't apply. It was severely cut—scenes from the opera rather than an abridged version: maddening no doubt to those familiar with it, as no doubt the English commentary was. But in the whole social context of television these things scarcely matter. What does matter is that millions of people, who normally have no chance whatever of doing so, were given the opportunity of seeing and hearing a great opera.

Or to take a programme of a very different nature: *Viewfinder,* in which Mr. Aidan Crawley presented the controversy over Civil Defence and the hydrogen bomb raised by the recent decision of the Coventry City Council. The issue was discussed more thoroughly than I have seen it done in the popular press or heard it on the air. Important though that is, it is not the main point. Quite simply, the impact made by an efficient television programme on a mass audience of relatively uneducated viewers is immensely greater than that made either by sound broadcasting or by the printed word. It seems certain that, merely by virtue of watching, the two million new viewers will find themselves involved in the world about them to an extent far beyond anything they have known before.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Them!" at the London Pavilion

"The Return of Don Camillo," at the Rialto

What has the atom bomb *not* done? A couple of years ago it gave Mr. Robert Taylor a nasty moment over Hiroshima. Then, out of the North Pole, it dug up a million-year-old brontosaurus which naturally made straight for Long Island and would still be there on view if they hadn't stupidly slugged it with flu-grenades. (Or was it a mumps grenade? I forget.) Now its responsibility is giant ants, really Goliath ants, the result of radioactivity working on the genes of ordinary ants in the New Mexico desert. A little girl is found wandering in a dazed condition—a caravan burst asunder—an abominable footprint; and gradually the local police come round to it, to *them.* They, apparently, have a passion for lump sugar. They crush men but let little ones go. They seem, from that evidence, to stand on one leg, as ducks do, thereafter vanishing without trace. And they announce themselves with that whiffling high note usually reserved, in films, for the heroine sleep-walking on a cliff edge.

These premonitory evidences are thrilling enough, in fact a good deal more thrilling than usual; and the first giant ant couldn't poke his head through the bushes with more effect if he had been born a Karloff. He almost has the beautiful young myrmecologist in his grasp; "Shoot for his feelers!" comes the call . . . for, of course, the usual reception committee is there, though the heads of the Armed Forces seem to be missing. Well, there's a bit of big-ant shooting, and old expertness (in the shape of Mr. Edmund Gwenn) shakes its head and says "If the queens get away we're lost" or words to that effect, and gives us a little lecture on ants in general, and there's fair excitement in gassing the ant-hill and going down to finish off—a touch of pathos—the big baby queens groping a way out of their grub shells. The objection that mere common knowledge might have made at any point, that no ant 10 feet high could even move under the burden of its exoskeleton, could have been met with a shrug of the shoulders and another of them coming over the hill. . . .

Don Camillo returns—or rather starts by going off to the banishment in the hills threatened when we saw him last—and terrible indeed is this new parish in the clouds and the snows, with only one old parishioner, one chair that breaks when he sits on it. He steals his old cross and lugs it up there; the Lord is speaking to him again. But that's about as much as the scriptwriter can get out of it. So back he comes, knocks out a boxing champion who has defeated the local hero, starts his faithful clock up in opposition to the atheistical town hall, eats spaghetti with his old antagonist the mayor and asks "How is Lenin?" (Lenin, it then appears, is the mayoral infant), gets the best and then the worst of a triangular duel with castor-oil, and finally, with the village flooded out and water up to the arm-pits, holds a service that echoes to the departing refugees. It is a rag-bag of anecdotes, some of them very funny, some carelessly glued with sentiment, and relying heavily on Fernandel, who never steps out of his part and tides over the excesses of whimsy. Gino Cervi, as before, makes a likeable brash mayor. Their conflict and secret devotion to one another—the fable of Mother Church and Papa Stalin and a man's a man for a' that—has the sort of slickness that turns smug when it's not funny, and promises, I'm afraid, more sequels. This time, however, it has a disjointed appeal and Duvivier works some adroit charms, especially with his echoing end. Above all, there is Fernandel.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

ADVERTISEMENT

МУЗЫКА В СОВЕТСКОМ СОЮЗЕ СЕГОДНЯ*

WHAT is happening to music and musicians in Russia today? Evan Senior, Editor of MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, is back from four weeks in Moscow, Leningrad and other Russian musical centres. The Soviet Ministry of Culture gave him full facilities to investigate musical life, talk with leading musicians and attend performances. His wealth of musical impressions is now being serialised, with pictures, many taken by himself, in MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. These articles embrace the attitude of Soviet composers and critics towards music in the West; Russia's classical heritage in musical life today; trends of musical composition; the state of musical education; and Music and the State. The series, *Russian Journey,* begins in the August MUSIC AND MUSICIANS with a vivid description of his first night of music in Moscow—the national celebration at the Bolshoi of the 150th anniversary of the birth of Glinka. In September he writes on *Composers in a Union,* telling how Soviet composers have organised their life and work. He saw Soviet ballet and describes it, with pictures, in DANCE AND DANCERS. *Is This the Second Ulanova?* in August, tells of a new ballet star, Kondratieva, and in September he compares Russian and British productions of *Swan Lake.* He saw the Moscow Children's Theatre and writes of its work, in an illustrated feature of the August PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

The August MUSIC AND MUSICIANS also contains: *Background to the Proms,* by Charles Reid, with pictures of new Prom artists; Ernest Chapman on *John Ireland's Music;* pictures of *The Ring* artists; the story of the *Re-burial of Haydn's Skull;* profiles of John Hollingsworth (cover picture), David Webster and Ronald Woodcock. There is a 6,000-word review of new records; reviews of June and July opera, concerts and recitals; reports from 23 musical centres at home and abroad; 30 new pictures and a full guide to August music. The August DANCE AND DANCERS is a special Diaghilev number, with a survey of Diaghilev's achievements in Western Europe and new tributes from former associates. Tamara Karsavina (on the cover in Diaghilev's production of *The Firebird*) writes on *The Background of a Genius;* there are personal memories from Sokolova, Lopokova, Markova, Benois, Balanchine, Schollar, Monteux, Princess Wolkonsky, Dolin, Vilzak and Pruna; Keith Lester writes on Spessivtzieva; Molly Lake on Astafieva; Lifar on *The Notebooks Diaghilev Left Behind.* There are more than 40 pictures, many hitherto unpublished; drawings by Cocteau, Larinov, Chaliapin and Christopher Wood; news of English ballet companies, from correspondents all over the world, and a full guide to August ballet. In the August PLAYS AND PLAYERS John Whiting, today's controversial playwright (*Saint's Day, Marching Song*), writes on *What The Theatre Means To Me;* there are picture-profiles of Brenda Bruce, Mary Ellis, Glen Byam Shaw and Anthony Quayle (on the cover in *Othello*); pages from *Evelyn Laye's Scrapbook;* pictures of this year's Stratford players; and picture reviews of *Six Characters in Search of an Author, The Moscow Puppets, Salome, East Lynne,* etc.; plays in rehearsal, reports from theatre centres in Britain and abroad, and over 60 new pictures.

The August issues are on sale now, 1*s.* 6*d.* each, or by post 1*s.* 8*d.* from HANSOM BOOKS, 21 Lower Belgrave St., London, S.W.1. The first number of FILMS AND FILMING, will be on sale September 15, similar in style, size and price to HANSOM BOOKS' three existing magazines. Roger Manvell and Peter Brinson write in No. 1. A fully descriptive leaflet will be sent on request.

**Music in the Soviet Union Today.*

Correspondence

THE VOICE OF CYPRUS

SIR,—May I voice the profound resentment and concern of the people of Cyprus for the recent uncalled for suppression of all freedom of expression by the enforcement of a measure which makes it a criminal offence, punishable with long imprisonment, to express even by the most lawful means a desire for self-determination or national liberty. Interference with the freedom of expression and the liberty of the Press may be excusable as a temporary measure in cases of emergency arising from violence, and then only so long as such emergency continues. But, as a permanent law in times of peace—it is undisputed that Cyprus is peaceful and so is its national movement—to deprive the people of the right of expression and to prohibit the Press from reproducing even statements in the United Nations or in the House of Commons or the British Press referring to self-determination in Cyprus, is inconceivable. It is contrary to all notions of human and political freedom and is in direct violation of the international Declaration of Human Rights to which Great Britain is a signatory. It is also eminently ill-advised from the point of view of expediency in the proposed use of the island in Mediterranean Defence. Totalitarian measures ought never to be applied, more particularly in a territory which is about to be called to the proclaimed defence of liberty and democracy against totalitarianism.

ZENON ROSSIDES.

Delegate of the Ethnarchy of Cyprus.

Park Lane Hotel, W.1.

YOUTH AND THE CHURCH

SIR,—May I try to offer some explanation for the disappointment which Mr. Hancock and many others, Christians and unbelievers, feel over the Church and its attitude towards contemporary problems?

Anyone is bound to be disappointed who expects Christianity to fall in smoothly with some system of political thought and action, even though it may have much in common with the system and may even have inspired it. Conscientious Christians are bound to prove bad party men, because their ultimate allegiance lies elsewhere. It is so much easier to find a definite Marxist answer to a temporal question than it is to find a Christian one, that many of us lose patience with the Church. We should do better, however, to remember that the Church is older than her critics, and that whatever faults she may have she has never tried to over-simplify the world.

On one point I must correct Mr. Hancock. Christ's moral teaching was by no means revolutionary; what was revolutionary was the Atonement, which is a spiritual gift offered to each individual; and the Church cannot hope to change the world until that gift is far more widely accepted and used than it is today. Hence the Church is very properly preoccupied with indoctrination.

Of course, as Mr. Hancock would no doubt insist, Christianity is extremely relevant to temporal problems. But it is a difficult and strenuous faith to live with; it demands our participation in the moral and material issues of the world, but beyond the inestimable gift of making us Christians, it leaves us autonomous, with personal responsibility for what we do about our obligations. The New Testament cannot be looked to for cut and dried solutions. It would be very comforting if the Church did feel able to issue a mandate as straightforward as "Ban the H-Bomb." And if Christians were committed only to metaphysical issues, no doubt it would.

The essence of the Christian dilemma—and it would be a cruel injustice to assume that Christians are not constantly tortured by its persistence—is that we are called simultaneously to a life of the soul and to earthly responsibilities. It has been shown us how Sin may be overcome, and no one who does not grasp the concept of Sin can either be a Christian or, I suppose, understand what Christianity is getting at; but Christ does not offer to step in and personally solve our political difficulties when they become too much for our statesmen. It would be the worse for our souls if He did. No, we must solve our difficulties ourselves, and in Christianity we have at least the best of all lights by which to do so.

The fair criticism to make of the Church, then, is not that it offers no definite platform on social and political issues; I am not convinced that, as a Church, that is its business. It is more to the point to accuse it of being numerically far too weak. The best work it can do towards saving the world is to make Christians. It will then be up to the Christians to make peace.

PROTESTANT

"THE REAL CLEAN-UP"

SIR,—Many of us who read "The Real Clean-up" will be deeply grateful to Mr. Priestley. The point which he makes as to the fact that it is the hero and not the villain who is nowadays the perpetrator of violence and brutality is a most important one. The old-fashioned melodrama or thriller at least saw to it that vileness belonged to the villain and that virtue triumphed in the end. The new attitude is an alarming and significant one, and yet it has not been stressed in anything one has read on this subject. One does wonder why Mr. Priestley, who is so well informed on the whole matter, has spoken only of novels and not of "comics" which form almost the entire reading of thousands of young people today. According to the leaflet issued by the Comics Campaign Council, "over three hundred million comics are sold every year in Britain, and each has probably an average of eight readers. The majority of these comics are harmless, but some are vicious and filled with crime, horror, war and sex." It is to these that the Council is directing its attention, and its first concern is to make the adult population aware of what these papers contain. The importance of this will be evident from a recent meeting held to consider the dangerous effects of crime and horror "comics," where, of the large audience gathered, only a handful showed that they had ever looked inside the covers of one.

I. M. GULLAN

THE "CORNHILL"

SIR,—For some time I have, like Critic, been "digging about" for information on the *Cornhill*, for the purpose of writing its history from its founding in 1860 until the end of Leslie Stephen's editorship in 1882. But one cardinal source of information has eluded me. George Smith, the proprietor and publisher of the *Cornhill*, kept a detailed monthly record of the fortunes of his magazine in a series of notebooks in which he set down the names of his authors (articles were predominantly anonymous), the sums he paid them, the numbers of copies he printed and sold, and the like. These notebooks would not only tell us much about the *Cornhill* itself, but, obviously, a great deal about the conditions of literary journalism in the second half of last century. All my endeavours to trace them have proved vain, but I am loth to believe that so valuable a set of documents, and one which Leonard Huxley used as late as 1923 in writing the history of the House of Smith, Elder, can have disappeared without trace. I should be extremely grateful to any of your readers who could suggest any line on their present whereabouts.

Incidentally, in the interests of accurate spadework, I may perhaps be allowed to correct one of Critic's facts and to correct the emphasis in one of his comments. In the first place, *The Moonstone* appeared in Dickens's *All the Year Round* and not in the *Cornhill*. George Smith did, indeed, succeed in securing one novel by so popular a writer as Wilkie Collins, and no doubt felt that *Armadale*, because of its length and subtlety, was good value for the £5,000 he paid for it. Secondly, though Smith relied on his novelists (and their illustrators) to give him a circulation large enough to sell his magazine at a shilling, it was from the start his desire to give prominence to the essay and the travel piece. Indeed, though the *Cornhill* gave signs of foundering under the weight of the critical articles Stephen was fond of publishing and had to be drastically lightened in the Eighties, it is in the essay that the continuance of the *Cornhill* tradition is to be found.

RICHARD HAMILTON

The University,
Birmingham, 3.

UNQUALIFIED LIBRARIANS

SIR,—To employ an unqualified librarian may not be a "capital crime," but it is certainly very unwise; and "Law Librarian's" letter does much less than justice to the present influence of the Library Association, and to its efforts to raise both the professional and general educational standards of librarians. An increasingly large number of professional librarians (i.e., those holding qualifications of the Library Association or of the University of London School of Librarianship) are to be found in the libraries of universities, Government Departments, newspapers, learned societies, research associations and industrial firms. Those libraries which prefer to employ unqualified librarians are as often as not distinguished by ineptitude in the service they offer to their readers. The British Museum, which prefers to give in-service training to honours graduates is, as a result, largely divorced from the library movement, which it should be leading; and the level of the service which it gives to its readers, and to the country in general, cannot be compared with that given by the Library of Congress. Similarly, the standards of some of our university libraries are not in the same class as those of similar libraries in the U.S.

Modern education for librarianship is as much concerned with knowledge of books, and service to readers, as with mere techniques such as cataloguing and classification. The weakness of the 'amateur librarian" is that he has no contact with the profession at large; and this, coupled with the lack of systematic training, leaves him ignorant of modern developments and methods which may be applicable to his own library. Isolation from other librarians, and lack of knowledge of the general organisation of the library resources of the country and the resources of other types of library, impairs the service he can give to his readers; for these days no library can expect to be entirely self-sufficient.

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of Commons Library is afforded by the libraries of Government Departments, which deal with similar inquiries and work under the same sort of atmosphere of urgency. Since 1949, when the Treasury established a class of professional librarians, more than half these libraries have appointed professionals, and there are now 65 posts designated as professional. Nobody has yet ventured to suggest that the experiment has not been a success.

TWO GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT LIBRARIANS

LEN HUTTON

SIR,—In the interesting study of "The Master Craftsman" there are some assumptions that seem open to question.

Is the long preference for amateur captains of county and England teams due solely to unreflecting snobbery, real as that element is? A dictum of Lord Hawke was quoted. It has this behind it, that the transmutation of the Yorkshire eleven from a collection of brilliant individuals, of erratic and frequently disappointing performance, to the greatest of county teams was due to the introduction and work of an amateur captain, Lord Hawke himself. Today in the same county, the one player who can be consistently relied upon for resolute run getting, not when runs are easy, but when they are of double value, is the amateur captain, Norman Yardley. Between the two lie many amateur captains whose inspiring influence is known to any follower of Yorkshire cricket. Even Mr. D. C. F. Burton, singled out for special mention, learned (like Hutton) the technique to score centuries and achieve a batting average in the twenties.

A study of the records of the counties this season will not show a notable superiority for those captained by professionals, and there are several.

It is pertinent to ask the writer how often has a captain of England been chosen because he was "just an amateur." Reflection on the names of England captains and on their performance is sufficient answer to his implication here.

But the prejudice against Hutton has not been simply as against a professional captain. It has been also against a Test Match technique—with which rightly or wrongly he has been associated—of Puritan bleakness, whereby English batsmen have scored at half the speed of Australian, sometimes not even at that, and, turning a sport into a masochistic exercise, finally achieved a drab victory over opponents to whom it was left to show that batsmanship is a creative art and a pleasure.

And to revert to the amateur-professional issue, there may be something to be said for those who feel obscurely that from various circumstances an amateur is more likely, is freer—however unfairly—'to count the game above the prize." YORKIST

SCOTCH

SIR,—To us in the Highlands, the important thing about "Scotch" is that it should continue to be made here and should not become something which can be made anywhere—even in some Japanese town rechristened Inverness! So long as it was pot-still whisky depending on local conditions for its flavour, it was completely protected. But the present-day blends have become more and more international and without local character, increasingly easy to copy. It seems only a matter of time before any desired "peat flavouring" can be put in at the central distillery in Glasgow—or farther yet from the Highlands.

Other countries take some trouble to foster local products which are really distinctive and a contribution to the world. In other countries, too, the *vin du pays* is somewhat cheaper in its place of origin; this too should not be beyond the undoubtedly clever brains in the Excise department. What is wanted is the will to help. NAOMI MITCHISON

Carradale, Argyll.

"BLANK" OF THE YARD

SIR,—I should be grateful if you would allow me to correct a small, but not unimportant, inaccuracy in Mr. C. H. Rolph's interesting article "Blank of the Yard."

Mr. Rolph states that I recently asked the Home Secretary to make available the official papers relating to the trials of Oscar Wilde. This is not so. My question concerned the official correspondence relating, not to Wilde's trials, but to his *imprisonment*, which, as I pointed out at the time, is of considerable interest to students of penal history and prison conditions in the last century. (See *Hansard*, June 26, Cols. 588-590.)

So far as any official papers relating to the trials are concerned, I applied for, and obtained, permission to abstract these from the records of the Central Criminal Court. They will be found in my book, *The Trials of Oscar Wilde*, which forms part of the Notable Trials series, and was published in 1948.

H. MONTGOMERY HYDE

House of Commons.

GIORGIO MORANDI

SIR,—I have read with the utmost interest John Berger's criticism of the exhibition of Giorgio Morandi held at the New Burlington Galleries. Although Mr. Berger's article guides the reader to an understanding of Morandi and describes certain aspects of his art in a manner worthy of praise, I would disagree with him in a few points of his article where other aspects, indispensable, for a full comprehension of Morandi's art seem to have escaped him.

In the first place, referring to the presumed influence of De Chirico and the Metaphysical School, I would say that such an influence, if even "slight", did not exist; Carra, De Chiraco and Morandi have contributed to the *formation* of the Metaphysical School, each in his own way and *equally* important. In spite of the fact that De Chirico began painting his metaphysical canvases before Morandi, his works of that period could be considered an aspiration of a hybrid surrealism, an aspiration elaborated by Carra but on a superior pictorial level. The metaphysical paintings of Morandi were born from a spontaneous and original act necessarily, in the philosophical sense—in consequence of a constant research of phantasy and reason in perfect equilibrium.

In continuous contact with a natural environment, the artist, in order to create a new vision and a new formal elegance, after a complete personal meditation of the contribution of Cézanne—this can well be seen, looking at Morandi's paintings of 1911-1916 and 1918-1920—where the "moral impact" described by Bloch is beginning to be so evident, Morandi with his means searches to convey by his rules, that which is irregular in nature: and the fact that these rules are dictated by his deeply felt experiences doesn't imply that the artist is closing himself in an ivory tower. Precisely because his works derive from a new assimilation of experiences, we see that in his landscapes no one better than Morandi has been able to depict the Italy which is not the rhetoric and folklore of Naples, Capri, or Sicily, while his still lives reflect the architecture of our city landscapes made up of the layers juxtaposed by the centuries of civilisation.

In the choice of his subjects, Morandi has chosen to represent the light, the form of his environment. He has thus accepted, and not rejected, the world around him—with a *rappel à l'ordre*, necessary for a return to a concrete and material study of nature.

LIDIA PUGLIOLI

San Lazzaro, Bologna.

MAHLER AND BEETHOVEN

SIR,—Mr. Edward Sackville West, in your issue of July 10, blames Mahler for instituting the deplorable custom of playing Leonora No. 3 between the two scenes of Act II of Beethoven's Fidelio.

I had seen this statement in print time and again, and had accepted it without question. The other day, however, I was reading Lilli Lehmann's autobiography, and found that she condemns the custom too, but speaks of its being done at Leipzig in 1869, when Mahler was only nine. It looks, therefore, as if the custom started much earlier than is usually thought. I would be interested to discover who first thought of it. T. H. SHEARER

65 Bushey Way,
Beckenham, Kent.

AUGUST

THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS

Some try to do it by standing on one leg and wiggling their spare foot about in the sea. Then they hop, ponderously, a yard or two inland and thrust the foot thus purified into a sock. Provided they do not lose their balance they are soon half-shod. But now they face the even more delicate problem of removing the sand from their remaining toes without wetting the foot which they have just accoutred. A ballet dancer could do it, an acrobat could do it on his head. The average holiday-maker fails.

A more sultanic technique is favoured by those who send small children to fetch water in their little buckets. These citizens carry out their ablutions in comparative comfort; but the buckets represent what planners call an administrative bottleneck, and sometimes, when the tide is out and the children are fractious, this formula will not work. Even when it does, there are still deposits to be removed from between the children's toes.

We are a maritime nation, the heirs of Drake and Frobisher and Nelson. The sea, we are often loosely but emphatically told, is in our blood. How is it that, down the centuries, we have never evolved a satisfactory method of extricating ourselves from this small predicament? Of what flaw in our national character is this failure a symptom? No one knows, and regrettably few care.

The Midland Bank prides itself on the help it gives to its customers. Yet it confesses with regret that, among all the many services which the Bank provides for holiday-makers, there is none which solves this riddle of the sands.

MIDLAND BANK

Books in General

From one narrow area—the borderlands of Arabia and Palestine—three great religions have been carried abroad. What peculiar character gave to one corner of the earth such spiritual concentration? For answer we must look not to history, but to geography, or rather to historical geography. In particular we may look to that great work, George Adam Smith's *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*. No other book so vividly re-creates the character of that eventful country or so skilfully calls in the rocks and valleys to explain its three thousand years of history. For the Scots professor was no academic observer: he had not only read but ridden his way through every corner of his subject. And in the end it was not only past history that he explained. Twenty years later Palestine became once more a battleground of great armies, and the book which was written for scholars became the manual of statesmen. The Prime Minister, Lloyd George, was "absorbed" by it; the victorious General Allenby carried it with him on his campaign; it was used at the Peace Conference; and the first High Commissioner, before taking up the government of the new Mandate, sought out, as his adviser, the Hebrew scholar from Aberdeen.

What is the essential, the permanent character of Palestine? From the first it has been double: Palestine is both "the bridge between Asia and Africa" and "the refuge of the drifting populations of Arabia." Great armies have passed through it to battle: the armies of Sennacherib and the Pharaohs, of Cambyses and Alexander, of Ptolemies and Seleucids, of Pompey and Caesar, the Caliphs and the Crusaders, Sultan Selim and Mehemet Ali, Napoleon and Allenby. Monotonously they have followed the same great highways, picked up in the Serbonian Bog the same fearful plague, and fought their crucial battles in the same natural theatre, the passage and gateway of Jezreel. There Sisera and Saul were destroyed; there, at Megiddo, Josiah was destroyed by Pharaoh Necho; and the greatest battle of all, where the Kings of the Earth are to be destroyed, was naturally placed, by the heated Zealots who imagined it, at Megiddo, or Armageddon.

But what were these Kings of the Earth and their great transient armies to the mountain tribes of Israel? Like the Beduin of the desert in our wars, they looked down upon the passing chariots from above and only descended afterwards, for the leavings. For the Hebrews were a highland people: their very language shows it. Their word for valley is "depth," their visitors "come up," even their hilltops are viewed from above. To them horses and chariots were exotic beasts and unfamiliar machines. All the great chariot-rides in the Bible take place in the north, in Samaria. The horse, until Solomon, was not used; if captured, it was hamstrung; and the Prophets, those die-hard conservatives, continued to frown upon it as an irreligious novelty. It was in "the high places of Israel" that the Hebrews settled; it was there that their own unique history took place; they left the valleys to foreign armies and caravans, the sea coast to the seafaring Phoenicians and sea-borne Philistines.

Furthermore, these drifting tribes of Arabia who had settled in Palestine were both wedged in and split up by the shape of the land. On the east the Jordan, sunk in its tropical valley, is not, like other rivers, a trade-route: it is a barrier. On the west the inhospitable sea coast was not, like the tempting archipelago of the Greeks, a highway to other continents: it was "a stiff, stormy line," a border, a horizon. There is no word in Hebrew for a bridge—no bridge over their only river; nor for harbour either—no harbour in their only sea. And between these two barriers the country is further broken up into "shelves and coigns" into which the swarming clans of Arabia fitted themselves by tribes and, thus fitted, preserved, as in Alpine cantons, their different cultures.

> Thus when history first lights up within Palestine, what we see is a confused medley of clans—all that crowd of Canaanites, Amorites, Perizzites, Hivites, Girgashites, Hittites, sons of Anak and Zamzummim which is so perplexing to the student and yet in such thorough harmony with the natural conditions of the country and with the rest of the history . . . Palestine, formed as it is, and surrounded as it is, is emphatically a land of tribes.

At first it was these Canaanite tribes, scattered and sedentary, an agricultural and commercial people dwelling in strong places and practising, like all primitive agricultural peoples, orgiastic rites. Each tribe had its tutelary deity, like local Madonnas in Italy: they "practised abominations" and worshipped Baal "on every high hill and under every green tree." Later, when the Hebrews conquered and absorbed them and became, like them, an agricultural people, they fitted as naturally, tribe by tribe, into the same local niches and adopted as naturally the same local cults. They "went a-whoring after strange gods."

And yet, in the end, they were not seduced. Why not? Once again geography offers an answer. For over and above the local subdivisions of Palestine stands a greater, more fundamental division: the division between Arabia and Syria, between the Desert and the Sown. The Hebrews were not, like their predecessors, a sedentary, agricultural people: they were Beduin from the desert and their religion was the religion of the desert, "the sour Wahaby fanaticism" and yet also "the great antique humanity of the Semitic desert" which Doughty afterwards found in his solitary Arabian wanderings. From the nomadic Kenites, the outcast tinkers of the desert, they had learned their grim religion, the worship of Yahveh, the god of the volcano in Sinai; and now they carried it from "the waste, the howling wilderness" into "the land of corn and wine" which they had conquered. Then the miracle happened. Absorbed, Canaanised, civilised, they yet contrived to retain their desert religion with its violence and its humanity. The Old Testament, in so far as it is history, is the history of a great ideological struggle: a struggle between the invading gods of the Desert and the native gods of the Sown.

How splendid are the stories of its human agents! Politic kings, setting up their new regality with its officers and tax-gatherers and incorporated court-chaplains, might seek to tame the old aristocratic anarchy of the desert; but always the Beduin with their *marabouts*, the Prophets, intervened. Sometimes their intervention was disastrous. The greatest of all the kings of Israel, Ahab, by his foreign alliances and religious toleration, might have saved his country, had not the terrible Elijah, the mad mullah from the mountains of Gilead, swept up from the wilderness of Jeshimon to mobilise the fanatics against him. Sometimes it was heroic. In the last century of Hebrew independence, while bulwark after bulwark crumbled before the revived empires of the East, the great prophets preached again their gospel of primitive equality. The liberties of Israel were gone, they repeated with grim relish, irretrievably gone; and why? Because the old equality of the desert had been sacrificed. The luxurious royal court, the court of Solomon, that ancient Ismail or Farouk, had replaced the patriarchal tent, and the *latifundia* of the new pashas had swallowed up the land of the peasant. The shepherd democrat Amos and the metropolitan aristocrat Isaiah speak the same language: the new landlords "join house to house and lay field to field"; they "oppress the poor and crush the needy"; and the only hope is in the repudiation of urban civilisation, a return to the desert, so that "the cities be wasted without inhabitant and the houses without man and the land be utterly desolate." It was among the Kenites, the original founders of Yahvism, that the austere Rechabites pledged themselves to retain for ever, even in civilised Palestine, the old nomad simplicity which was alone agreeable to their desert god.

Israel foundered, and with it Judaism which returned from the Babylonian Exile a fossil of itself. Ezekiel, the pedagogue of the Exile, had hardened it into a dreary ritualism; the prophet had yielded to the scribe and the high priest; the simple religion of the old Prophets was now encrusted with a luxuriant Persian apparatus. The voice of the desert had become the voice now of the Zealot, the rebel, the heretic. John the Baptist, that *fakir* of the wilderness, protested against the Hellenised court of the Herods and was beheaded. Christ, the prophet of cosmopolitan Galilee, whom the spirit however had driven into the wilderness for his inspiration, protested against the ritualism of the high priests and was crucified. Israel had repudiated the desert. Palestine might remain the highway of great armies, but it was no longer the westward receptacle of the Arabian tribes: it was an eastern province of the Mediterranean empire of Rome.

Nevertheless, the rejected inheritance ultimately found another heir. In due time the voice of Moses and Elijah, of Amos and Isaiah and John the Baptist was raised again. The Mosaic monotheism, the Rechabite austerity, the prophetic intransigence (and the patriarchal polygamy) of the Old Testament were resumed not by the now Westernised Jews, the commercial travellers of a cosmopolitan empire, but once again in desert Arabia, to inspire a new Exodus and a new conquest. In the seventh century of our era, Palestine was reconquered for the East; and the true heir of Moses, of Joshua and of the Prophets was not among the rabbis of Safad or of the ghettoes in the West; it was the Arabian conqueror, the fanatic of the desert, the new "Prophet," Mohammed.

In our day the desert has once again been driven back by the West. Ironically it is the exiled Jews who have done it. Having first entered Palestine as the tribesmen of the Eastern desert, they now return to it as the spearhead of the avenging West. Ironically too they find facing them the truer heirs of their own lost tradition. For history is only accidentally the continuity of peoples: fundamentally it is the continuity of countries—and ideas. The modern Jews who have re-created Israel may please themselves with the fancy that they are resuming a lost inheritance. In fact they can hardly be surprised if the Arabs of Palestine, still poised upon the historic hills of Judaea, look down upon these sea-borne invaders of the coastal plain as the ancient Hebrews looked down, in their day, upon the encroaching settlers from the West, the Philistines.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

CHRISTOPHER ABSALOM MORRIS

Though the caves of Bacchus darken
And the dream betrays its own,
Jane, put on your motherhood.
Absalom, thy peace be done.

How bright the midnight bellower
Rampant in its abstract lust
Moves at large among its kind.
Jane, thy darker salts be blessed.

Sleepless Orion treads the deck
And peers into the future tense.
So within the infant's gaze
Cobalt looks out from innocence.

Absalom, you caper here,
A zodiac on either horn.
From a fish and bleeding claw
Your lightning-cloven peace is born.

W. S. GRAHAM

IDEAL LOVE

I tae hev crossed yon ill-defendet border
That separates the real frae the ideal.
I tae hev lolled in luesome tropic glens
And ate the easy lotus till I seemed
A dream on a dream, meltan intil a dwaum.*

Thon hazy shores whaur King Ulyssie's men
Lazed, and ate the owsen o the sun
Hev kent my body's impress in their saunds,
And the taste o the meat frae the hevinlie cattle-
pen
Whiles gars me grien* for better food nor mine.

Yon Chinese lad, Aladdin wes't, they caaed him?
Struck nae ferlier pouer frae yon auld lamp
Nor I hev duin, whan bewtie wapt her spell
Ower my wild imagination,
Till it becam mair real nor the parent warld.

I tae hev traivelled on the intellect's
Ferlie* carpet til exotic launds
Whaur evin imagination itsel,
At least for a time's been nearly satisfeed:
But ach, the coorse return's been wersh,* gey
wersh!

The eftarcome's a seikness til me yet,
A dream that still can reeve my saul o baith
Imagination and realitie.
I'll hae nae mair o't. The guilty dream sall dee,
And imagination wad realitie.

* *Dwaum*—swoon; *grien*—yearn; *ferlie*—magic; *wersh*—tasteless, astringent.

TOM SCOTT

TEN THOUSAND WELCOMES

The Stranger in Ireland. By CONSTANTIA MAXWELL. *Cape.* 25*s.*

"Three signs of ill breeding"; say the nineteenth-century Triads of Ireland, "a long visit, staring, constant questioning." Dr. Maxwell lets us look our fill for three centuries. She picks a round score of visitors—from Spenser to Thackeray—through whose well-bred eyes we watch the changing Irish scene. Things, we note, are slowly getting better; they are going from worse to bad. The population goes from one million to eight millions until at length, after the Great Famine, it goes largely to America. "The Irish are fond of visitors," remarks Le-Gouz, "and it costs little to travel amongst them."

Bitter is the wind tonight
It tosses the ocean's white hair:
Tonight I fear not the fierce warriors of Norway
Coursing on the Irish Sea.

—wrote the medieval monk whose visitors left precious few stones unturned and few churches unburned. But "God is good and the devil isn't bad, thank God," and in time Ireland got used to the stranger within the gate. These later visitors—mostly English—are altogether more urbane. Some are adventurers and some misadventurers. Some are escaping from married life and some escaping into it. Some are concerned to note the improvements and novelties; and others are antiquarians, interested in the ruins: "Ireland," notes Kohl, "is the first country in Europe for ruins." Mounted on stilts of ascendency, on coaches, on overdrafts, the strangers survey the country, and their observations, if not their conclusions, are therefore detached. An English administrator deplores the barbarous tendency of the people to stick to their land, language, religion, and laws. A solid English soldier resents the evasiveness of the Irish who melt so disobligingly into bogs and woods. The Earl of Essex declares for an out-and-out scorched-earth policy. The Lord Deputy's secretary is all for rooting-out the priests and the poets, and comments bitterly—as do so many strangers—on the lazy habits and makeshift housing of the savage Irish. Yet "what need have they to work who can content themselves with potatoes?" asks Sir William Petty, who surveyed and mapped out the country in connection with the ruthless Cromwellian Settlement; "And why should they breed more cattle since 'tis penal to import them into England? . . . How should merchants have stock, since trade is prohibited and fettered by the statutes of England? And why should men endeavour to get estates where tricks and words destroy natural right and property?" As for the primitive housing conditions, Petty computes that the colonists, who then formed three-elevenths of the population, owned three-fourths of the land and five-sixths of all the housing. A century later, Le Chevalier de la Tocnaye could report seeing a cromlech in Co. Dublin under which he had heard that a man and his wife, their ten children and livestock, had lived for many years until the owner, wishing to show the monument to visitors, built them another residence.

For the most part, Dr. Maxwell's strangers in Ireland are oppressed by the beggary of the country. It is a sad thing to be poor, they believe; and they are impressed by the contrary spirit of the native Irish who believe that it is a poor thing to be sad, and who, says Arthur Young, that excellent English agriculturist, "are infinitely more cheerful and lively than anything we commonly see in England." "It is very easy," writes De la Tocnaye, "to call the people savages, and to ridicule their misery, but do you know where I have found real savages? It was at Paris, at London, at Dublin, at Edinburgh, in short in all large cities." All the same, it is the growing cities that most attract the stranger in Ireland, and more so in the eighteenth century when elegance is added to order. Dublin with its new Georgian face, its soon-to-be-vanishing cream of society, its political power, is *non-pareil.* "High living is too much the fashion here," remarks the incomparable Mrs. Delaney. "You are not invited to any private gentleman of a thousand a year or less that does not give you seven dishes at one course, and Burgundy and Champagne." The suspicious Elizabethan standoffish castle has had its day: the Big House, bulging with servants and fortified only with food and drink, makes its appearance in the grateful landscape.

Every visitor to Ireland has a curious tale to tell about the boundless hospitality of his hard-riding host:

> Unfortunately he was fond of dogs, all half-starved, so that a gentleman walking to what was called his bedchamber, after making two or three turnings, met a hungry greyhound who, jumping up, took the candle out of the candlestick and devoured it in a trice, and left him in the dark.

Yet it is the same traditional mixture of prodigality and improvidence, plenty and lack, high and low, which marks the Irish nature throughout the ages and which makes Muskau, the princely German traveller of the nineteenth century, confess that, glad as he is to return to the civil comforts of England, in Ireland he had felt free as the birds of the air without hundreds of needless comforts. For prince and peasant were all of a piece throughout; both were sympathetic parts of a feudal society which the industrial age with its new middle class was bound to destroy. Ireland, being rural, has never developed such a middle class or golden mean of democracy. "They love great folks, these honest Emerald Islanders," says Thackeray, "more intensely than any people I ever heard of, except the Americans." They love leaders, too, and they love to overthrow them. They are fond of strangers but they do not discourage them from going. "The night is late, the road is dry, but do stay till morning," says the Gael.

Dr. Maxwell has given us an admirable book, scholarly, entertaining, varied and appetising. I should like to know more about that grave

BETTER BOOKS
★ *booksellers* ★
OF CHARING CROSS ROAD

Provost of her college who had been tutor to Milton. Or the brave rebel hairdresser "who ran up to the muzzle of an enemy cannon to which an artillery man was just applying the match, and, thrusting his wig into its mouth, exclaimed, the moment before he was blown to atoms—'By Jasus I have stopped your mouth, my honey, for this time.'"

In Ireland we need the stranger to strike fire from. "The wolf will never come to my door," declared the man in the Dublin pub. "He knows I'd drag him in and eat him." He would do nothing of the sort, of course. He would hurry him in and kill the fatted calf for him.

W. R. Rodgers

A MASTERPIECE

The Cantos of Ezra Pound. *Faber.* 25*s.*

The great merit of Pound's poem is that it is *about something.* Every item of experience that goes into it claims, presumably, to be "felt upon the pulses"; but those items are not selected and arranged solely for the sake of the reverberations they make in the poet's sensibility. The poem is a reading of history, and not so much a *reading* of history, as a reading of *history.* This is something that cannot be said of many poems written in the last hundred and fifty years. Even in *The Ring and the Book*, a poem which the Cantos sometimes recall, the ostensible subject-matter seems very often no more than a pretext for exhibiting the mind which broods upon it, and composes the poem about it. Where Eliot, in the *Quartets*, is continually describing the poem he is writing even as he writes it (just as Byron does in *Don Juan*, or Wordsworth in *The Prelude*), Pound spends very little time as it were marvelling at the fact of his writing at all. When he does think about it, his reflections are carried, along with others on other things, by the theme of Odysseus, the first theme to be announced, which recurs throughout, woven in with others. And this exhortation to "Fare forward, voyagers" ("periplum, not as land looks on a map but as sea bord seen by men sailing") is in significant contrast to the lost walled gardens, or the interminable corridors of mirrors, which are the more usual images nowadays for the poet's discovery of his poem. For Pound it is precisely a discovery, not a tracking down or a harking back; and this extroverted strenuous attitude to the job in hand becomes more impressive when, as in Canto XXVII, the Odyssean pattern embraces also the adventurers of the laboratory, experimenting and inventing. It is this that makes it more than just clever to describe the poem as "epic."

In all this, Pound is very far from the symbolist attitude to poetry. But he learnt from the French symbolists at one stage and his poem, from other points of view, is thoroughly in the symbolist tradition. His art, like theirs, "aspires to the condition of music." His epic does without plot, and that means, as Pound learnt from Fenollosa, that it has to do without syntax. But this does not mean that Pound leaves the reader to do all the articulating, the linkings up and relatings across, for himself. Pound does them for us, or claims to, but musically, by rhythm—and not only by the rhythm that we can hear or imagine ourselves hearing as we read (this is plain sailing—the poet's ear is all but infallible), but by a more abstracted rhythm which, so it is claimed, governs the re-introduction of a theme at just the right length, after just the right interval, of just the right sort of quite different matter. This is a real crux. Is rhythm in this extended sense capable of affecting us so precisely? Pound writes in the conviction that it can do this; and we cannot either agree or disagree—except, presumably, according as we feel satisfied or frustrated after giving the right reading to the whole.

But what is the right sort of reading to give? Here we run up against the question of whether the exegetes are wasting their time. Hugh Kenner thinks they are; and certainly an eighteen-page appendix to his brilliant *Poetry of Ezra Pound* is a skeleton crib which works wonders. Perhaps if we ask for more than this we are reading the poem the wrong way. But in that case, surely, there is something wrong with the poet's tone of address. This varies, as the rhythm varies, but frequently the tone is rapid, racy, off-hand, intimate. And this undoubtedly has the effect, however unintended, of making us feel as though these hundreds of names thrown at us so casually ought to be part of our intellectual furniture. They aren't, and because they aren't we feel condescended to, and resentful.

The tone goes wrong also with some of the jokes. When the poet speaks as it were through the persona of ole uncle Ez, the Pound of the letters, some of his nods and winks are rather tiresome. And this goes too for his other tone of "imperturbable urbanity." The imperturbability is often not very funny, because there seems so little to perturb it. These jokes are not in bad taste, they just fall flat. But because the scope is epic, the components are massive and the tempo slow; and the wit is on the same scale.

And make no mistake, the poem is profoundly serious. The economics one can take or leave as one chooses. The vital distinction that is made in the poem is between the civilisation that runs to fat and the civilisation that remains lean and active. One guiding principle of the Cantos is the playing-off of "legato" effects (murmurous, voluptuous, changeable), against the aquiline (clean, radiant, thin, constant). Whenever the olde Englysshe Chaucerian appears (as in the Cavalcanti translations), whether in vocabulary, in spelling, or (most of all) in cadence, there, but not only there, we have what Pound calls "cut"; we have something offered for approval, to be set against the grosser, more familiar, in its own way often beautiful matter that surrounds it. And this distinction (thus the poet's claim) is as reliable a guide in ethics and history as in poetics.

Donald Davie

REMINDER

Have YOU
yet read?
CAPITALISM
AND THE
HISTORIANS

Edited by F. A. Hayek

George Schwartz, *Sunday Times:* "I can recommend these studies as a useful and salutary corrective to the legends that have grown up about the conditions of the past."

C. V. Wedgwood, *Time and Tide:* "Extremely interesting book . . . . brilliant *exposé.*" *10s. 6d. net*

Routledge & Kegan Paul

THE INVETERATE RATIONALIST

Human Society in Ethics and Politics. By Bertrand Russell. *Allen & Unwin.* **15*s.***

It is natural to think that a philosopher and mathematician will over-estimate the part which reason can play in practical affairs. This has been the easy criticism of Russell's political writing, and in this book he tries to rebut the charge. He agrees with Hume that reason is, and ought only to be, the slave of the passions. Reason is calculation, and calculation is of means to ends. Reasoning is problem-solving, and our desires set us the problem of finding means to reconcile the conflicts between them. We cannot reason about ends; we can only distinguish the harmless and compatible desires from those which lead to conflict. The first part of the book is a discussion of the oldest questions of moral philosophy: Can "right" and "wrong," "good" and "bad" be defined in terms of desire or of satisfaction, or in any other terms? Can moral judgments be properly called true or false, or are they a species of command or expressions of feeling? It is clear that a world without sentience would be a world without value; so human feelings must be the starting-point in ethics. Russell detests cruelty and believes that kindness and truthfulness are the great human virtues. But his ideal of truthfulness comes from mathematics and science; he is perplexed because he cannot prove that cruelty is wrong, either in the way that a mathematical proposition can be proved, or in the way that a matter of fact can be established in science. It therefore appears that moral argument is irreducibly subjective, as soon as it goes beyond calculations of means to ends or beyond appeals to cool self-love. And yet he is not satisfied with this conclusion.

It is a curious fact that empiricist philosophers almost always look for *a priori* arguments in ethics, and are driven to deny the validity of moral judgments when they cannot find *a priori* proofs; they never introduce the favourite word "experience" in just this context, where it is most appropriate. It is natural to say that individuals in their personal lives learn by experience what is worth pursuing and what is to be avoided, and that similarly groups of men forming societies learn in their history. We, in fact, justify our judgments of value by reference to actual experience. Judgments of value, and statements of ends in politics are tested in the experience of the societies which actually apply them. It is for this reason that only the accurate literature of war and anarchy, or that which faithfully depicts life in an illiberal society, can have the full force of rational persuasion. Russell himself shows that abstract argument must always fall short of conviction in ultimate moral issues. But he still clings to the traditional distinction between pure judgments of value, which determine ends, and rational calculation of means. But this is not how situations naturally present themselves to us, when we have to make a personal decision, to vote or to choose a policy. Situations present themselves one after the other, each requiring a decision, and we learn what things we attach value to through the decisions that we make and regret in particular cases. And we surely cannot any longer think of human nature, as does Russell, as fully formed by certain constant desires; the desires and needs of men are always being changed by new forms of society and new habits of life. Human nature is in this sense always being formed by political and other decisions, which cannot therefore be represented as means towards already determined ends. Russell may perhaps still be accused of rationalism, in the sense that he makes moral and political decisions resemble decisions in an applied science, as a kind of engineering among human desires, a balancing of already known forces and stresses.

In the second half of the book moral conclusions are applied to the contemporary situation and to the chances of human survival. In this latest of his long series of appeals to reason in politics, Russell himself seems sometimes to pause and to sigh and to wonder whether he is not too late. Perhaps abstract argument can never be as persuasive as he had hoped. Perhaps he has philosophised too much in a sphere where fact and historical imagination are needed. The argument is throughout relieved by the familiar Voltairean jokes, by flashes of unhistorical history, and by casual allusions to such philosophical questions as the freedom of the will, the meaning of justice and the nature of punishment. It seems to me that the strength of the book is not so much in the argument as in the humane feeling expressed, a steady, impersonal concern for suffering and persecution. The personality of the author, and the range of his achievement and sympathy, are everywhere conveyed in the style. There is so much consolation and encouragement in this massive good sense and gaiety coming from the greatest living philosopher, at a time when almost everyone of comparable genius is plunged in gloomy irrationalism or in some religious and respectable form of bad temper.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

THE ROAD FROM SERFDOM?

Capitalism and the Historians. Edited by F. A. HAYEK. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is a book with a message. Six essays—one of them published in the good old days of 1925—set out to displace the "legend" that the Industrial Revolution entailed misery, exploitation and social crisis. Professor Hayek has turned from politics to history to discover the source of our erroneous views in 1945 and in 1954. Professor Ashton provides him with statistics, Bertrand de Jouvenel lends him metaphysical support, and Professor Hacker, with the unstinted enthusiasm of a crusader, begs us to clear away "all the cant, fury and misguided sentiment of one hundred years" so that we can look beneficent capitalism in the face.

The "legend" has apparently been created by intellectuals and by teachers of economic history, who have got their facts wrong and their values twisted. The twisting began with Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the Romantics. It was assisted by subversive agents of the nineteenth-century Tory party, made worse by Marx and Engels, and finished off by impeccable Liberals like J. L. Hammond. For good measure Professor Hacker throws in Jefferson as well. All these influential writers were wrong about "capitalism." "Why this consistent unfairness to manufacturers?" one of the essayists asks. Professor Hayek knows all the answers. Most of the twisters had never been inside a factory: those who had were curiously short-sighted. They blamed the capitalist system for abuses which were really the consequences of the survival of pre-capitalist features, of monopolistic elements obstructing the smooth working of the competitive order, and, above all, of ill-conceived State action. They failed to realise that even the claims and ambitions of the working classes "were and are the result of the enormous improvement of their position, which capitalism brought about."

There are three obvious answers to the new legends which this book propounds. First and most important, no economic historian has ever denied the tremendous increase in productive power made possible by the accumulation of capital. Few have denied labour's indirect gains. They have been aware, however, that the problem of the distribution of wealth is as important as the problem of production, and that it raises not only moral but also strictly economic questions. Second, no social historian can share Professor Hayek's dismissal of the literature of revolt as mere propaganda or suggest that it was most emphatic among people living far away from the factories. When contemporaries grumbled and organised, they were grumbling about what they took to be wrong and organising for what they took to be right. We must be at least as fair to them as to the businessmen who shocked them. Third, no student of society can afford to overlook the strains and stresses of industrial revolutions. Professor Ashton may wish to get rid of the term altogether, but it is useful and illuminating for our own age as well as for the period covered in this book. Both he and Professor Hayek plead for a closer understanding between economists and economic historians. Few would deny the need, but it will be a bleak day for economic history if it ceases to be social history at the same time, or if the economics injected into the subject is rigorously circumscribed.

Professor Ashton makes some useful points in a scholarly essay on working-class standards of living which looked better as a supplement to the *Journal of Economic History* than it does in this polemical collection. The right way to correct easy generalisations about the Industrial Revolution, most of which ceased to influence serious economic historians more than twenty years ago, is to qualify them where they are misleading, not to substitute a new series. The problems of early nineteenth-century capitalism are too complicated to be considered under bold headlines.

As for the capitalists themselves, need we make them all into heroes? Is it really true, as one of the essayists maintains, that it was their apathy rather than their cupidity which held back factory reform? This book generates a new mysticism more naive than the crudest social romanticism it sets out to discredit. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that one of its main purposes is to strengthen what Professor Hacker calls "the case for capitalism in America, as a historical phenomenon," and to point out its "many significant lessons for the world today." Such a task is best left to the stimulating and efficient business intellectuals of *Fortune* magazine, who are far more suitably equipped than Professor Hayek or his team to discuss the road from serfdom.

ASA BRIGGS

NEW NOVELS

The Welsh Sonata. By JAMES HANLEY. *Verschoyle.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Rama Retold. By AUBREY MENEN. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Butterfly-net. By JOHN LODWICK. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Recital in Paris. By SEWELL STOKES. *Peter Davies.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Season of nuclear mists and galloping myxomatosis. Even the poor old hack is in a toxic, fazy-minded holiday mood. Craving for something very easy to read he hangs head down like a temple bat to peer at his landlady's inaccessible bookshelf in hopes of finding a ready-made daydream. (*Piracy* by Michael Arlen, or even a Dornford Yates, or some mildly exotic Victorian item—*Sir Richard Calmady* by Lucas Malet, that neglected novelist, Kingsley's daughter.) Frustrated, he tries to imagine one for himself. Why don't they write those entertaining Peacockian-Douglasian-Huxleyian symposia any more? A highbrow houseparty would be just the job, on another planet, perhaps, with witty cosmic conversation and gay love affairs among infinitely civilised deep-sea cephalopods. But duty calls. This is not a particularly ferial batch. It includes a tremendous Welsh prose poem by Mr. James Hanley, and Mr. Stokes's resurrection of Isadora Duncan.

The most agreeable read is Mr. Aubrey Menen's *Rama Retold.* This is a diverting caper, based on the Ramayana, a 2,500-year-old epic by a poetic sage named Valmiki. It originally contained some sharp satire against the Brahmins, but its point became obscured by generations of toadies. Mr. Menen tells it straightforwardly with some interpolations of his own. These are mainly fables; one in particular is about a fidelity test, a subject that is especially suitable to the Hindu approach with its passion for complication. They fit in well enough in the Rama story. The Prince, exiled from his father's court, after

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a fantastically tangled piece of harem intrigue, wanders off with his wife, Sita, and his warrior brother, Luxmun, whom Mr. Menen has transformed into, perhaps, rather too much of a Blimp. They have various adventures and meet Valmiki, their own narrator. Sita is snatched, not entirely against her will, by the demon, Ravan, and there is a tremendous comic war.

Anyone who shys at the Indian penchant for interminability may be reassured. Mr. Menen manages to keep it within a couple of hundred pages.

Mr. Lodwick needs a mild corrective. Intelligent, amusing, facile, with patches of good taste and a fervent admiration for Stendhal, he should have written just the kind of picaresque novel one likes best; but he has been lazy. *The Butterfly-Net* opens with a scene at Dover that reminds you of *Vile Bodies* and *Mr. Norris.* Adrian, a young writer, meets a philosophical Levantine smuggler person having trouble with the Customs; then his further adventures trail away into fantasy tinged with a sort of smarty booksiness. There is too much about his publisher. He ghosts for a ghost. But his love affair with the dreamy peer's secretary is nicely done with a pleasantly gay touch of sensuality. Mr. Lodwick obviously enjoyed writing this novel. You can feel him hugging himself euphorically as you read; but he should not have let it become such a mix-up.

Pause for respect for Mr. Hanley who has made an enormous effort in *The Welsh Sonata.* Its central figure is an eccentric, mystical tramp-like character known as Rhys the Wound whose hair has grown wild on his head "until it's just a lovely cloud," ever since the day his girl ran off with a sailor. On the first page he is missing and the village policeman, a retired bard, who tells much of the story, organises a search for him, in the course of which his odd life is revealed against its village and mining town background. The mood throughout is one of high and serious purpose. There is not the suspicion of a Welsh monkey trick.

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Does it come off? Certainly not altogether. But how much of it is flogging the air and how much genuine vatic eloquence I am not the person to decide; it is like asking Mr. Mercaptan to appreciate life on the farm.

I always feel that there was something hideously depressing about Isadora Duncan. I suspect that Mr. Stokes feels so too and that this accounts for the rather grey aura that emanates from *Recital in Paris,* which is a study of her, under the name of Sarah Menken, making one of her comebacks in Paris. The portrait is sympathetically done; the tones are correct; Mr. Stokes is careful not to guy her, and he makes rather touching play with her sixteen-year-old son's embarrassed solicitude for her; but it is all rather flat.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

PROFILE IN SUNLIGHT

Grand Man: Memories of Norman Douglas.
By NANCY CUNARD. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*

Everybody got the Norman Douglas he deserved. A most various man, personal impressions of him are as revealing of the writers as of their subject. It is doubtful if an objective study can ever be written. When a man has been his own Boswell, we should welcome the Piozzis and Murphys, the Sewards and Hawkinses. They are clearly describing the same person, and so are Mr. Aldington and Miss Cunard, whose Grand Man is a welcome antidote to his grotesque Pinorman. In spite of his forthrightness and of the many legends about him, Douglas had immense reserve. Nobody can hope to outline more than a profile.

Miss Cunard's Grand Man does her as much credit as Mr. Aldington's two-headed freak discredits him. My own impressions of Norman Douglas are coloured by the fact that over a good many years I had nothing but kindnesss at his hands. He was an incomparable companion, and if he tossed and gored it was the victim's fault: you could always evaporate, to use a favourite word of his. He had a pagan dread of sickness, yet during a month I spent in the London Clinic at the end of the war I note that he visited me—never without books or tobacco—eleven times: scarcely a selfish action, for an old man of seventy-five to cross London in those buzz-bomb days on what must have been a distasteful mission. I am admittedly prejudiced in his favour—again that profile! Yet if Mr. Aldington overplays the devil's advocate, Miss Cunard may seem to some to go too far the other way. There are no warts on her portrait. She got the Douglas she deserved.

Her book is divided into five parts: I, "Essay on Douglas"; II, "Letter to Norman"; V, "His Books"; IV is an admirable bibliographical note by Mr. Cecil Woolf; III consists of appreciations by several friends—Victor Cunard, Harold Acton, Charles Duff and Kenneth Macpherson. All these latter are full of interest, but Mr. Macpherson has achieved a little miracle of portraiture. Here is Douglas in his last Capri years, inescapably captured: his surroundings, his appearance, his very accents. As his host at the Villa Tuoro, Mr. Macpherson had unique opportunities, and he has made brilliant use of them. Miss Cunard is over-rhapsodic in her sections I and V. These critical pages are too enthusiastic to be discerning. For instance, her own reforming zeal leads her to give absurdly high praise to *How About Europe?*—his only illogical, angry and ill-planned book. Douglas's writing in general is of consistently fine quality, but Miss Cunard refuses to recognise any blemishes whatsoever. Everything is made to seem equally good, so that in the end she does less than justice to those half-dozen minor masterpieces of his. Again, she too devotedly allows his claim to be not hedonist but Epicurean, a claim made on the strength of his enjoyment of things of the mind as well as of—well, oysters and champagne. But his reaction from puritanism was too violent for Epicurean balance. Reverse the figures of Knox and Calvin and you are confronted by Priapus and Silenus, a more entertaining but an equally debilitating pair. Douglas's zest and vitality made him a dangerous model for the less gifted.

In section II, however, Miss Cunard justifies her book. The "Letter to Norman" is in three parts, in one of which she describes a visit to Tunis they made together in April, 1938—her first, his fifth. A delightful pendant to *Fountains in the Sand,* it is written with all the warmth, gaiety and romanticism of the writer's nature. Excellent, too, are the pages on wartime London, and the moving account of his death, aged 83, in 1952. She fully realises his essential masculinity, which has been too often obscured by some of those who shared certain of his sexual proclivities, and for whom he reserved opprobrious terms in several languages. She also appreciates his love of nature and indifference to art. He was a pragmatical Scot, not one of the metaphysical ones; a nineteenth-century sceptic, not a twentieth-century æsthete: "Too Cinquecento, my dear. Pah!"

As Miss Cunard's book will be necessary to that future biographer (who *will* it be?) there are three errors of fact to be corrected in future editions. They all occur in her preliminary Chronology. (i) In 1900 his second son Robin was born at Thüringen in the Vorarlberg, his own birthplace, not at the Villa Maya on the Posilipo. (ii) His divorce took place in March, 1904, not in the previous year. (iii) He returned to London in January '42, not '41. (This is self-evident from the text, but the misprint stands.) (i) is perhaps of purely pedantic interest, but (ii) is a key date. The divorce, the removal to Capri from the mainland, the recurrence of an old illness, the change in sexual directive, the beginning of serious writing—all these are interrelated and of essential importance to any understanding of that complex personality, so full of curiosity, of tolerance, of passion, and of love.

JOHN DAVENPORT

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE *Symphonie Fantastique* is probably the most wholly satisfactory orchestral work that Berlioz ever achieved. The Concertgebouw LP version (*D.) suffers from some lack of the sinister quality that is the essence of the first movement. The Waltz, too, fails to take us into the ballroom, and the harps are too dimly recorded; otherwise, this is a fine issue. The latest version, by LSO/Scherchen (N.), is more carefully conducted and the opening of I really is ominous; but the effect of the oboe-cor anglais dialogue in III is spoilt because of the oboe does not sound distant; and there is not enough excitement and tension in the Finale. Worst of all, the string tone is horribly shrill; so readers will, I think, be happier with the Decca version. The sequel to this symphony, the "mono-drama" *Lélio* with its mixture of languages, its endless rhadomontades, its wildly heterogeneous elements, has some claim to be the most preposterous work in all music; but, well performed (above all, invisibly), as it is in the **Vox recording under René Leibowitz, it is not unenjoyable. Impossible not to laugh occasionally, of course; but the moments of Berliozian beauty and imagination are sufficient to carry us forward. I commend this disc, especially to amateurs of the Romantic Movement (*Lélio* came out in 1832 and had a sensational success in the theatre). I should add that in the recording the speaking part is drastically (and very reasonably) cut.

The first issue in Britain by the American Mercury Co. contains at least one disc which deserves special mention: Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony (*M.), by Minneapolis SO/Dorati. This symphony can easily be turned into an insincere or ear-splitting bore; but Antal Dorati, who at one time specialised in ballet, gives a straightforward, unsentimental reading, and resists the temptation to exaggerate the tempi and phrasing. The wind—and especially the horn solo in II—might have been more forward; but the balance is not bad and the string tone is bright and luminous. This is now, I think, the best available version of the work. A coupling of Dvorak's symphonic poem, *The Noonday Witch*, with his *Othello* Overture (*S.), brings some delightful and seldom heard music. These are late works, strongly influenced by Wagner; but the original melodist in Dvorak never abdicated, and these full-blooded works sustain our interest. *Othello* is perhaps over-long, but *The Noonday Witch*, unlike the composer's other works in the genre, has a clear-cut story that lends itself admirably to musical illustration. The performances (Czech Phil/Talich) are extremely authentic and the recording is efficient. On the other hand, I should advise readers to stick to the Philharmonia/Kubelik version (*HMV) of Dvorak's Second Symphony, for the new Supraphon issue, though quite as well played, is distinctly less well recorded and has a poor surface.

To play Elgar's *Falstaff* (**D.) after the Overture, *In the South* (*C.), is to realise the progress in subtlety the composer made between 1904 and 1913. Both works are obviously influenced by Strauss (the former by *Don Quixote*, the latter by *Heldenleben*), but the material of the Overture, though lively and characteristic, is much less rich and cleverly handled than the multitudinous themes of *Falstaff*. Anthony Collins, with the LSO, produces a most distinguished performance of the later work; the Dream Interludes are exquisitely played, the knight's final disillusionment is truly pathetic, and the recording of the complex score brilliantly managed. *In the South* is quite as well recorded, but George Weldon (also with the LSO) is not a fiery enough conductor for this piece, and in the opening section we miss the spurt of life. The Overture is coupled with Elgar's *Sea Pictures*, sung with good tone, but poor diction and not much spirit, by Gladys Ripley. The recorded bass is rather boomy on this side; but, despite its shortcomings, lovers of Elgar should not neglect this issue. Likewise, those who treasure the Decca set of Vaughan Williams's Symphonies will be glad to hear that *Job* has now been added to them, in another impeccable recording by LPO/Boult (**D.).

Fauré's *Ballade* for piano and orchestra has had bad luck recently—so much so that I conclude, with Liszt, that it is peculiarly difficult. A young American pianist, Grant Johannesen, with the Netherlands Philharmonic under Walter Goehr, scores a distinct success in this heavenly piece (*N.). I can imagine a more rapturous performance, but hardly a more sensitive one; and the orchestral part is most discreetly played. The rest of the disc is occupied by music for piano solo: Fauré's Theme and Variations, Op 19, his Impromptu in A flat, and Poulenc's eight Nocturnes and *Mouvements Perpetuels*. The pianist shows perfect sympathy with the style of all this music (the Nocturnes are, with the *Promenades* and the *Soirées de Nazelles*, Poulenc's most considerable addition to the literature of the piano), and the recording, rather wiry above mezzo-forte, is otherwise agreeable. I strongly recommend this disc to lovers of the Romantic style at its most restrained—a style which springs from Chopin, whose First Piano Concerto comes to us in a version by Friedrich Gulda (**D.). This is a serious rival to the Mewton-Wood disc (*N.). Gulda's playing errs on the side of coldness, and his handling of the passage-work is less meaningful than Mewton-Wood's; but the Austrian pianist gives a beautifully musical account of the solo. Apart from this, the advantage of the Decca over the Nixa version lies in the greatly enhanced beauty and clarity of the orchestral part, carefully and lovingly played, in Balakirev's revised score, by LPO/Boult. The recording is excellently balanced.

Those connoisseurs who may have shared my admiration for the Vox disc of two Flute Concertos by Mozart, will be glad to hear that the same impeccable artist, Camillo Wanausek, appears in a second, equally well made record (**V.) containing an Andante in C for flute and orchestra (K 315—an alternative slow movement to the G major Concerto), the Concerto for Flute and Harp (in which the flautist is joined by Hubert Jellinek), and an arrangement of the paradoxically thoughtful Adagio and Rondo for glass harmonica (K 617).

The latest instalment of Haydn String Quartets (**N., 3 discs) is up to the admirable Schneider Quartet's highest standard. The six works which make up Op 76 contain two of Haydn's favourites quartets—the "Emperor" and No. 5 in D major, which has not hitherto been available on LP. Two Chopin recitals by Guiomar Novaes display the virtues and weaknesses of this most interesting pianist. In a selection of the Mazurkas (V.) her management of the rhythm tends to heaviness and monotony, and the recorded tone is hard. In the other, miscellaneous disc (*V.) only her playing of the Waltz in D flat, Op 64, No. 1, strikes me as a misconception, for the bass is consistently too heavy. Elsewhere, in the Third Scherzo, the splendid F sharp major Impromptu, the Study in E major, Op 10, No. 3, the F sharp major Nocturne, Op 15, and the *Fantaisie*, Op 49, Mme Novaes gives highly personal but to me almost wholly convincing performances. In the *Fantaisie* she does not perhaps quite encompass the biggest passages; but as an interpreter of Chopin she is in a class by herself today. The recording of this disc, apart from some deterioration at the centre, is faithful. Schubert's *Grand Duo* in C major for piano duet is thought by some to be a piano duet version of the lost "Gastein" Symphony. However this may be (and the debate will go on for ever), the duet version is among Schubert's most splendid works in sonata form. The Badura-Skoda/Demus duo give an admirable account of it (**N.). In two "recital" discs Wilhelm Kempff has recorded the whole of Brahms's piano pieces contained in Opp 116 and 119, and Op 76 (coupled with the Four Ballades) (**D.). Brahms's piano writing can sound as lumpy as Schumann's, but Kempff's transparent style confers grace on whatever it touches. Of the two discs I prefer the latter, since Op 76 is musically on a much higher level than Op 116. Also highly recommended: Organ Pieces by A. and G. Gabrieli, Palestrina, Frescobaldi, etc. (Peeters. *N.).

Falla's *La Vida Breve* is better suited to the gramophone than more dramatic operas. Listening to the excellent complete recording (**H.M.V., 2 discs) with Victoria de Los Angeles perfectly cast in the chief role, we can overlook the pointlessness of the hard-luck anecdote and yield ourselves to the charm of the abundant atmosphere, the Ravelian brilliance of the score, and the authenticity of the singing. This is not music for everyday, but its melancholy beauty would maintain its appeal to many minds. That accomplished mezzo, Hilde Rössel-Majdan, gives a fine display of stylish singing in three of Bach's solo cantatas—Nos. 53, 54, and 170 (**N.). In No. 51 and the exquisite Wedding Cantata (No. 202) Suzanne Danco does not make us forget either Elisabeth Schumann in the second work (though her version was vilely recorded and is no longer available), or Margot Guilleaume in the first (*N.); but Mme Danco is a polished artist, and although her voice is rather white and inexpressive, there is much pleasure to be derived from this well made disc (*D.). A fresh recording of Britten's *Serenade* has long been a felt need. Here it is at last, sensibly coupled with *Les Illuminations;* both sung by Peter Pears, with Dennis Brain and the strings of the New SO conducted by Eugene Goossens (**D.) I double-star the disc because I believe it will, on the whole, give constant delight; but there are shortcomings. In the Prologue to the *Serenade* the tone of the horn sounds very odd, and should the B flat be almost B natural? *Les Illuminations* has no positive faults, but I do not feel that Goossens extracts sharp enough accents from the strings in the fiercer items of this imaginative work.

NOTE.—The majority of the E.M.I. July issues will be noticed next month.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,276

Set by Thomas Tusher

The usual prizes are offered for an appreciative tribute to Colette, voiced by any one of her characters, human or animal. Limit 150 words. Entries by August 17.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,273

Set by John Pomfret

The usual prizes are offered for an extract from a typical Sunday newspaper serial written by any one of the following: Piers Gaveston, the Earl of Essex, Lady Castlemaine, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Baroness Lehzen, or Mrs. Langtry.

Report by John Pomfret

"I am often asked whether I was really fond of him or only prized the glamour which surrounded an intimate friend of the Heir to the Throne." "Edward met me on my arrival in England. I was to share the job of King with him." G. K.'s Jersey Lily and Colin Prestige's Gaveston perfectly hit off the note I was after, though they failed to hold it. The clipped sentence, the possessive cliché, the unctuous familiarity and the sudden macabre anecdote—these were the desiderata. The last named ingredient was sadly lacking, and there was nothing as affectionately grisly as Thelma Lady Furness's story of the teddy bears which she and the Duke of Windsor exchanged, told in the *Sunday Pictorial* a few weeks ago. Instead we had far too many Mrs. Langtrys breathlessly explaining how the ice that slipped down King Edward's back was an accident.

But there were one or two felicities. I liked—

> The two Bishops, who I thought disliked me, were actually very sweet and sent me a lovely bunch of heartsease—*his* favourite flower; which shows you can't always tell about people. (Lakon.)

Also Edward Blishen's

> I was terribly hurt by the attitude of the Queen. "Piers," the King once said to me. "Bella

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(as he always called her) doesn't like you."

I signed a paper (I think it was the death warrant of the Bishop of Coventry, oddly enough) and turned to him. "Why, Sire (as I sometimes called him)?"

I am awarding J. P. Stevenson three guineas, with a guinea each to W. P. B. and John J. Southall, and half a guinea each to Lakon and Edward Blishen.

THE EARL OF ESSEX

One morning the Queen and I were in Council with Bobby Cecil, Tom Windebank and "Scuppers" Nottingham.

"Earl Marshal," she said—for she was never familiar in public—"we propose sending your uncle to Ireland as Lord Deputy."

"*Bessie*," I expostulated, "if you must throw someone to the bog-lions—." Too late, I remembered where we were . . .

"Go to the devil!" she almost screamed—and boxed my ears.

In the horrified silence that followed I tip-toed from the Chamber, and immediately left for Wanstead, hardly knowing what to expect. Would she write—or arrest me? Life with Elizabeth was full of surprises, and her letter, when eventually it came, was no exception.

I was the new Lord Deputy.

Next Sunday Lord Essex describes how the Countess of Tyrone, beautiful half-Spanish wife of the I.R.A. leader, risked her marriage to save his life.

J. P. STEVENSON

Confession maketh a free soulle and if I have spoke or writ ought ille of Walter Rawlegh I hearbye adjure it for that Squierling never was (tho repute would have it otherwise) my rivalle in the Queens affections. This have I of Her Majestys owne lippes who lyinge in her apartement one thundrous afternoone with flies alle about the pillowe did rally me thus—

"What are hounds for My Lord?"

"Why, to go hunting."

"In such wise we employe Drake, Hawkins, Grenvil. And what is a fine silkie spaniel for?"

"Why to fondle, Your Majesty."

Whereupon She smiled somewhat and fell to playing with the jewel I wore as was the fashion at my left earre.

"And what is a brooding half broken hawke for My Lord?"

"To be kept hooded and close at hand."

"In such sort," She broke out with sudden fire, "We use our faithfulle servant Walter Rawlegh!"

W. P. B.

BARONESS LEHZEN

When I entered my Darling's apartment I could see at once that something had occurred to upset her. "Mamma has just been persuading me to immediately dismiss Lady Hastings," she told me. "Oh Lehzey, I do want to do what is right but it will mean the end of Her career socially."

"Wait until you know if this story is true," I told her. "May it not be that it is just jealousy on the part of the Duchess?"

Vicky nodded and was about to reply when a Royal servant entered with a sealed letter on a silver tray.

As she read it her face broke into a sunny smile.

"Oh Lehzey, listen!" she said, excited as any schoolgirl. "It is from my Cousin Albert in Germany. He proposes to come over and stay with us next week."

JOHN J. SOUTHALL

CHESS: Russian Object Lesson

No. 253

What are the lessons—apart from opening theory and endgame technique—to be learned from the recent match? First, it would be grossly unfair to blame our men for failing to stand up to a team so superbly selected and equipped. Lesson No. 2: We should realise that we have the choice of two extremes, one of them as utopian as clamouring for the Treasury to grant whatever millions are the relative equivalent of the annual amount spent by the Soviet authorities for the encouragement of Chess. Since this would stand about as good a chance as trying a Muzio Gambit against Smyslov we could choose the other extreme: to go on as before. Certainly there is something to be said for playing games just for fun; going to a League match after office hours and taking a day off when it is a really great International event. But we should realise that this means forfeiting any chance of breeding grandmasters and gaining international success. One question remains to be answered: Is there nothing we could do, somewhere between those two extremes? Here, meanwhile, is Petrosian's brilliant win against Milner-Barry.

(1)	P-K4	P-QB4	(16)	Kt-B4	B-K3
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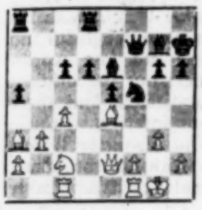
(4)	KtxP	Kt-KB3	(19)	QR-Q1	B-Kt4
(5)	Kt-QB3	P-QR3	(20)	Q-B2	Q-B2
(6)	B-K2	P-K4	(21)	B-K2	KR-Q1
(7)	Kt-Kt3	B-K2	(22)	P-Kt3?	RxR
(8)	O-O	O-O	(23)	RxR	PxP
(9)	P-B4	P-QKt4!	(24)	RPxP	R-R7
(10)	PxP	PxP	(25)	Q-K1	Q-Kt1
(11)	B-KKt5	QKt-Q2	(26)	B-Q3	P-R4!
(12)	B-Q3	P-Kt5	(27)	Kt-B1	KtxB
(13)	Kt-K2	P-QR4	(28)	PxKt	B-Kt5
(14)	Kt-Kt3	P-R5	(29)	R-R1?	Q-R2 ch
(15)	Kt-Q2	Kt-B4	(30)	resigns	

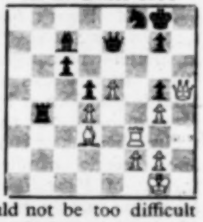
After (29) R-Kt1 Black would have won the Q by (29) . . . R-K7; (30) Q-Kt3, B-B5, etc. Here—Golombek-Bronstein—is the position in which the grandmaster, nonchalantly allowing his opponent two united passed Q-wing pawns, started his ruthlessly incisive attack in the centre.



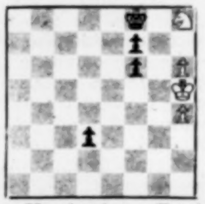
			(24)	. . .	P-Q4
			(25)	PxP	PxP
			(26)	B-KKt2	QR-B1!
			(27)	Q-R6	P-K5
(28)	Kt-K3	Kt-Q5	(34)	Q-K1	R-B7
(29)	RxR	RxR	(35)	K-R2	BxB
(30)	QxP	Kt-K7 ch	(36)	KxB	Q-B6 ch
(31)	K-R1	P-Q5	(37)	K-R2	B-K4
(32)	Kt-Q1	B-Kt5	(38)	R-Kt1	KtxP
(33)	P-R3	B-B6	(39)	resigns	

Naturally an all-Russian competition, the 4-pointer for beginners being a game position reached by one of our recent guests in a Moscow tournament. His opponent had just unwisely grabbed the QKtP with his R. How did White force an elegant decision? **B**—White to draw—and **C**—White to win—should not be too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively.

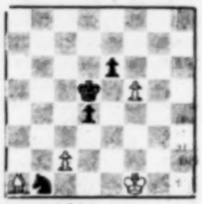
A: E. Geller 1951



B: Leonid Kubbel 1910



C: A. Troitzky 1924



Usual prizes. Entries by August 16.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

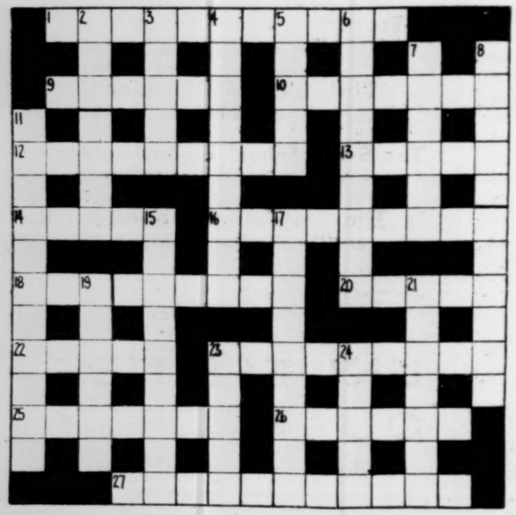
No. 250. Set July 17

A: (1) R x B ch, P x R. (2) Kt-Q3 ch, P x Kt. (3) P-B4 mate.
B: (1) P-K7, Q-K7. (2) R-Kt3 ch, K any. (3) R-K3! etc.
if (1) . . . Q-KR7 ch. (2) K-B6, Q-K7. (3) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-Q7. (4) R-Q1 ch.
if (3) . . . K-Kt7. (4) R-Kt1 ch.
C: (1) P-R5, R x P. (2) P-K4 ch, K-Q5. (3) Kt-Q8, R-Kt4. (4) P-R6, P-B6. (5) P x P ch, K-B5. (6) Kt-Kt7 (B7), R-Kt3. (7) P-R7, R-QR3. (8) P queens etc.
if (4) . . . R-Kt3. (5) P-R7, R-QR3. (6) Kt-K6 ch etc.
if (1) . . . K-B3. (2) P-R6, K-Kt3. (3) Kt x P, K x P. (4) Kt-Q7, R x P. (5) Kt x P ch.

Many stumped by **C**, but still quite a few correct solutions. Prizes shared by C. Allen, K. Beaumont, G. S. Fisher, J. R. Harman, A. J. Roycroft. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 112

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 112, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Aug. 17.



ACROSS

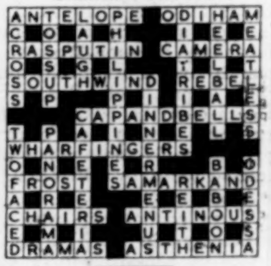
1. Divorce expert embraced by an unfamiliar person; he has one hand above his head (11).
9. Coastal town with a swamp and no river (6).
10. Idle talk of forgetfulness in the railways (7).
12. It is found underground and has nine roots (9).
13. There is little enough turning to embrace the sailors in these waters (5).
14. One country which is included among Christian names (5).
16. Their number was always kept up (9).
18. It is first class, the way the spinner moves in the air (3, 6).
20. If a member has no following, the result is bound to be oblivion (5).
22. Slightly modified set found in all circles (5).
23. Gave cover to the lieutenant previously in the shack (9).
25. Please put the account into silver (7).
26. Invisible thanks returned in fast time (6).
27. These are expert viewers, but confounded morons stare (11).

DOWN

2. This is it! Defeat can only be avoided by recovery (3,4).
3. Ladies who go Tory among the workers (5).
4. Grim, but not quite strenuous oarsmanship (9).
5. Not base coin (5).
6. Decide on one type of examination of voters (9).
7. Porter for a woman in a resort (6).
8. Prepare to fight newspaper features about society (5, 6).
11. Mother's pain gives birth to a warped antisocial person (11).
15. In a planet I put up a placard for pressure units (9).
17. Drink to lighten me when uneasy. (9).
19. The poor trader could be made to plead with the king (6).
21. Sailor Silas takes me to heart (7).
23. Abuse a workers' organisation in one section of the railways (5).
24. A drink and I am up as an object of superstition (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 110



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 110

A. Simpson (Glasgow), John Cramond (Milngavie), M. F. Harris (London, S.W. 5).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. requires Drama Producer in Cardiff. Duties include selecting, editing and producing radio plays, commissioning scripts, stimulating and encouraging radio writers. Essential qualifications: wide knowledge of Wales and Welsh language, imagination, awareness of present cultural activities and current affairs in Wales, and experience of dramatic writing and production. Salary £1,085 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,465 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "341, N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

VACANCY for physician in large psychiatric training hospital near American metropolis. Literacy and broad cultural background will influence appointment. Fulbright fellowship possibilities. Box 902, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y., U.S.A.

THE Trades Union Congress invites applications for the position of Assistant in its Social Insurance and Industrial Welfare Department. In addition to Social Insurance, the Department's work covers occupational health, welfare and safety. Background knowledge of the economic aspects of social legislation is desirable. Further particulars may be obtained from Sir Vincent Tewson, C.B.E., M.C., Trades Union Congress, Smith Square, London, S.W.1. Closing date for completed applications August 27, 1954.

RESIDENT Matron (30-45) required, undenominational hostels for disabled women workers. Nursing experience and interest social welfare. Apply Sec., 10 Love Walk, London, S.E.5. with details.

THE Matron of a Worcestershire Children's Home would welcome applications from young people with sense of vocation, who are prepared to share community life around children aged three to sixteen years. Interesting work; experience not essential. All letters answered and candidates for interview will be paid expenses. Box 9823.

TRANSLATOR required for highly technical (mech. & elec.) texts from German into English only. Full-time, London area. Perfect English essential. Good salary and bonus. Write Box 9999.

WEST London Mission (Superintendent Minister: Rev. Dr. Donald O. Soper, M.A.). Cook (preferably resident) required August 29 in Home Office Approved Hostel (girls). 20 residents. 48-hour week. Salary: £5 13*s.* 6*d.* p.w., less £1 14*s.* 9*d.* emoluments. Apply Sec., 8 Doughty Street, W.C.1.

REQUIRED, resident single man over 45 as secretary and to dispense drinks in small country club. Applications to Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, East Grinstead, Sussex.

HOTEL Staff required: Waitress, Chambermaid, Kitchen Help. Wainewright, Treharrock Manor, Port Isaac, Cornwall. Please write, not 'phone.

WANTED by elderly American lady returning to U.S.A., educated British-born woman to act as nurse-companion in Princeton, New Jersey. Typing useful. Box 64.

ACUTELY business minded man, quick of mind & action & preferably able to type required for permanent office job involving high pressure selling. Age about 30/40 & able to work under constant stress in return for ample remuneration. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. Ger. 9911.

COMPETENT Shorthand-Typist (female), preferably with some book-keeping, for secretarial and varied general office duties. Pleasant atmosphere. No Saturdays. Close to Bethnal Green Underground. Sack & Bag Industries Ltd., Peel Grove, E.2. ADV. 3540.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and shorthand typists wanted for temporary work on our Emergency Staff; 10-5, no Sats. £7. Introductions to good perm. posts without fee. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

APPLICATIONS invited for interesting and varied secretarial work at Braziers Park, School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Shorthand, typing, duplicating and general office work. Resident post. Apply Secretary.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

ST. STEPHEN'S Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1, & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (near Victoria Station), welcomes temporary sh./typists & copy typists. Salary up to 9*gns.*

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BIOLOGIST, young lady, 26, Hons. Zoology, knowledge of agriculture, typing, driving licence, 4 years' lab. experience, requires interesting post. Box 9941.

YOUNG lady seeks resident post in nursery school, where son 2½ would be welcome. Write Box 61.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—*continued*

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

TRADE Assoc. Secretary offers his services, part/full-time capacity. Extensive admin. exper. Highest refs. Apply in confidence: G. Higgins, 85 Gower St., W.C.1.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

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LAKE District. Wastwater, Scafell, Eskdale, Seascale district. Table tennis, billiards, extensive grounds. Irton Hall Hotel (lic'd.), Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

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PAINTING holiday in unique circumstances. 9*gns.* weekly. Good cellar, good cooking, 3,000-volume library. Brochure from The Gallery in The Hills, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

THE Continental, St. Leonards-on-Sea, member Hastings Socialist Hoteliers' Assn., invites your patronage. (Illus. brochure.)

KENT XVth century farmhouse in wooded Downs with orchard & meadows. Ideal walking c'ntry. Full bd., £5 wk. Elmsted 353. H. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford.

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SIMPLE Country Guest House in lovely Cotswold Valley (under new management). Ideal walking and motoring. 5-6*gns.* Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 6-7½*gns.* St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

ROSELAND. S. C'wall. Sm. guest house on sea edge. Quiet. Beautiful scenery. Vacs. Sept. & on. Mrs. Job. Tirva, Veryan.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse, mod. con. lovely Fowey valley 4 m. sea. Good food. B. & B. & supper. 5*gns.* Brown, Lower Milltown Farm, Lostwithiel 260.

BIDEFORD, North Devon. "Coombe Walter," Abbotsham. Guests received (picnic lunch, from July to October). Terms from 5*gns.*; also furnished flat to let, suitable for quiet couple. Mrs. B. M. Harris.

TANKERTON-on-Sea. Fiveways Hotel, the resort of discriminating folk. In large sheltered gdns.; near sea. Sunny bdrms., h. & c.; excellent cuisine. Easy reach Canterbury. Kingsdown Park, Tankerton, Kent. Tel. Whitstable 3243.

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BOOK now for Sept./Oct. at congenial P./Hotel in resort medically commended for late holidays (mild, sunny, sheltrd.). Informative brochures free. 5½, 7½*gns.* wkly., incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, etc. Twin beds, h. & c., Slumberlands. 2 comftble. lounges. Well apptd. throughout. Fully bkd. last autumn; rec. by N.S. readers. Meat/Vegetarian. Normanhurst, Seafront, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos. facing S., nr. sun-lounge (orchestra dly.). Opp. covrd. walk, 3-mile prom. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

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BEXHILL. The Thorne, Ninfield Road (Ninfield 212). Country House, spacious grounds, near sea. Children welcome. Own produce, preserves, poultry. Homely. Recommended. Write brochure.

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KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s.* 6*d.*/15*s.* 6*d.* B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s.* daily.

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2 rooms in self-cont. furn. flat. Sole use kit. & bath. Owner retaining third room occasional use. Newly-dec., priv. tel. 3 min. Holland Park Tube. Use large garden. 4*gns.* PARk 5064.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"A VOICE from Guatemala." Guillermo Toriello, Foreign Minister of Guatemala makes a special Declaration on the eve of the U.S.-inspired invasion of his country. Exclusive to "Labour Monthly," August issue just out. 1*s.* 6*d.* all agents, or from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

FIRST publication in English of completely unknown story by Stefan Zweig, in the summer issue of The Jewish Quarterly now on sale. Other contributors are: Edmond Fleg, Sir Leon Simon, Josef Herman, Marko Rothmueller, Hans Keller, Wilf Mankowitz, Michael Fraenkel, Frank Jackson, Barnet Litvinoff, Dennis Silk, Alfred Werner and others. 100 pages. 2*s.* 6*d.* from newsagents or direct from The Publishers, 59-61 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

"PROBLEMS of World Poverty," study outline by J. C. Grey, M.A. Diagrams, Maps. By post 2*s.* 9*d.* from War On Want, 6 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

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WHAT Falls Through the Doctor's Letter Box—a revealing article on the state of modern medicine, is just one of many lively, informative articles in the current number of "The Farmer," the comprehensive journal for town and country. Also "Causes of Sudden Death"; "Garden Work for Summer"; "Fertility from the Town." Edited by Newman Turner, Ferne Farm, Shaftesbury, Dorset. 2*s.* 6*d.* a quarter or 10*s.* a year post free.

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UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.30. (Membership 2*s.* 6*d.* p.a.)

IRVING Th., Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Late Night Party." Mems. 10*s.* yr. incl. Guest Ticket.

SERGEI Obraztsov. Two-hour solo show. Only London personal appearance of great puppet-master. Special late show. Extra 3*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* 6*d.* seats. Also 8*s.* 6*d.*, 11*s.* 6*d.*, 15*s.* 6*d.*, £1. Fri., Aug. 6, 10.30 p.m. London Casino, Ger. 6877. Presented by Soc. for Cultural Relations with U.S.S.R.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Aug. 8, 7.30, "Film Ohne Titel" (A) Germany.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Aug. 8: "The Fallen Idol" (A). From Aug. 9: "State Secret" (U). From Aug. 12: "Home at Seven" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Aug. 7. Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant in "Bringing Up Baby" (U), 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Diamond Jubilee Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 18. Tickets: 8*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.* at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2*s.* 6*d.*, available nightly at doors only.

2ND Bath Bach Festival. October 9-16. 14 concerts. 34 soloists. Complete Brochure from Bach Festival Secretary, Bath. (2½*d.* Stamp).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1*s.* post free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Artists Under Forty. Aug. 5-Sept. 11. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. inc. Sats.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition of 1954. Hours 10—6, Sat. 10—1. Closes Aug. 28.

MASTERPIECES from Sao Paulo. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Aug. 15. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1*s.* 6*d.*

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1*s.* 3*d.*, Children 9*d.*

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace. The State and Private Apartments completely furnished. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily inc. Sunday.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. "Of Light and Colour"—Summer Exhibition.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise. Annual event at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibition. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

GERHARD Marcks. Open-air exhibition of Sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Sept. 4. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. "Items for Collectors"; sculptures, paintings and drawings. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays. Adm. free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Paintings of Red Indians by George Catlin, 1794-1872; International Photography by Combined Societies, 1954. Until August 8. Weekdays 11-6; Suns. 2-6. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

NATIONAL Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. "W. H. Auden," talk with readings by Terence Tiller, 7.30 p.m., Tues., Aug. 10. N.B.L. & I.C.A. membrs. 1*s.*, non-membrs. 2*s.*

YOGA, Caxton Hall. Lectures will resume September 7. Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. Aug. 14, 6 p.m. Dr. Maria G. Marino: "Charles Morgan e il suo mondo."

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. August 8: "The Purpose of Life."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

B.Sc. Econ. London University. Courses of Study for this and various other London Univ. Degrees and Diplomas are provided by University Correspondence College, founded 1887. Low fees; instalments. Prosp. from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees, Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LECTURE COURSES ETC.—continued

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent St., W.1. Preliminary Professional and University Entrance Department. The courses provide both day and evening classes for the General Certificate of Education. The following subjects may be taken to the Advanced level: English Literature, French, Latin (evening only), mathematics, history, and geography. There are courses for students over 25 years of age and for professional preliminary examinations and the Civil Service Executive (both Open Competitive and Limited) examinations. Session 1954-55 begins on September 21, 1954. Evening classes begin on September 27, 1954. (Enrolment for evening classes: September 21, 5-8 p.m.) Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the undersigned. J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

URCHFONT Manor. Week-end Sept. 24-26: "The English tradition in Architecture." A study of continuity in architecture, based on Bath and Devizes. Oct. 15-17: "The Modern French Theatre." The special subjects for this course are Obey's "Noah" and Copeau's production methods. Week Oct. 25-31: "The Irish Literary Movement." A reassessment of the work of Yeats, Synge and Joyce, and their influence on modern English Literature. There will be an account of the Dublin portrayed in "Ulysses." Autumn Programme now available from the Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for university graduates. Day and residential students. Canteen. Courses Sept. 1 & 28. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., Hampstead, London.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

NATURE Cure Training. The Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics. There is still time to enroll. New session begins this autumn. Full particulars and preliminary requirements from the Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh, 9. "Nature Cure from the Inside" by post 8*s.*

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967 p.m.

VIOLIN and Viola Lessons. Geoffrey Kimpton, L.R.A.M., pupil of Ernst Morawec, Vienna Academy of Music, has vacancies for pupils. 65 Marlborough Place, N.W.8.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FILM School: Write to 4 Gt. Russell St., or tel. MUS. 0581 for broch. of British Film Institute Film School in Scotland, Aug. 15-28, to coincide with the Edinburgh Festival.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

FABIAN Summer School, Frensham Heights, Farnham, August 14/21. Speakers Mark Abrams, Walter Allen, Anthony Crosland, M.P., Hugh Dalton, M.P., Roger Manvell, John Parker, M.P., Mary Stewart, Michael Stewart, M.P., Brinley Thomas. Details: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. WHI. 3077.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon (Checkendon 221). Sept.: "International Seminar" & "The Art of Living"; also week-end courses. Send card for current list.

PERSONAL

SPAIN: A few vacancies at £36 10*s.*, 14 days. Travel, hotels, excursion. August 22. King, Chestnuts, Sandon, Essex. Tel. Danbury 289.

DOCTOR'S daughter (Cambridge graduate, mid-30's) seeks prof. family, Baker St./St. John's Wood, who could use unobtrusive lodger for occasional baby-sitting, telephone duties, etc. Mod. rent offered. Box 27.

EX-PROFESSIONAL woman would cook and help part-time in exchange for accom. (pref. self-contained) for self & husband following own occupation. Box 36.

ITALY. Yng. married cple. wd. like share exp. car touring Sept. Box 84.

MAJORCA best season Autumn, seaside flat vac. Slp. 5. Maid avail. FLA. 8667.

THREE Canadians (one male) wish meet car-owner planning holiday France-Italy Sept. 1. Object: sunshine. Box 93.

EXPLORE lovely Bucks country. Comf. cottage accom. in Burnham Beeches for hikers, cyclists. Weekends from 15*s.* Box 9.

HANDWRITING tutor reqd. to improve writing of 7-yr.-old boy. 1 hr. daily. W.C.1. Write qualifs. & fee reqd. Box 78.

ENGLISH woman (26) wishes join tour/party, Italy. ret. England end Sept./Oct. Dodsworth, Viale di Villa Grazioli, 29, Rome.

CHARACTER, aptitudes, temperamental-social adjustments, etc., expertly assessed from handwriting. Particulars: Box 41.

HOUSEPARTY. Inexpensive, carefree holiday, sport/sailing/dancing. Box 9946.

THE Ox on the Roof, King's Rd., Chelsea, will be closed from Monday, August 9. Re-opening Tuesday, August 31.

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CANAL Cruising Co., Ltd., Stone, Staffs. 3-4 berth cruiser free September 11-18. 4-6 berth cruisers free Sept. 25. October, a fine dry month, 3-6 berth cruisers, with gas fire, very cheap.

WD. philanthropist provide student with piano—gift/loan/small sum? Box 12.

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PERSONAL—continued

EDINBURGH Festival: be sure of a stimulating holiday in interesting company and enjoy the Edinburgh Festival with a small party of professional people, Aug. 28-Sept. 4. Cost incl. 4 Festival tickets and return rail fare from London, £19 17*s.* 6*d.* Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

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POSTAGE on this issue: Inland 1½d.; Foreign 1½d.; Canada 1d.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Holborn 8471)

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1